



Cruikshanks delin.

Barlow sculp.

*In Henry's arms to live the Envied fair
Oh happy man! Oh happy, happy pair.*

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The
CABINET of LOVE
or a collection of the most affecting
ANECDOTES
of people renowned for their
virtues or their vices
by persons eminent in the
world of literature .



L O N D O N .
Printed for J. Roach, Russell Court, Drury Lane 1792.
Price One Shilling.



THE
CABINET OF LOVE, &c.

IF Mecenas had cause to complain of the conduct of his wife, he sought to avenge himself upon others; and considering the high degree of favour in which he was, it is not surprising that he should succeed. He often went to the house of Sulpicius Galba, and he especially resorted there after dinner, the time when Galba slept, or at least appeared to do so, for an anecdote is related that proves he did not always sleep. Having one day invited Mecenas to dinner, he fell asleep after the repast, while the favourite of the Prince was paying court rather too assiduously to his wife, or rather, to use the expressions of the translator of Plutarch, he rested his head upon a cushion, as appearing to be asleep, seeing that Mecenas began to play off the artillery of the eyes upon his wife. A valet, who believed that his master was really asleep, thought he might profit by the circumstance, and took a bottle of excellent wine.—“Rascal!” said Galba to him, “do not imagine that I sleep for every one.” *Peru, non omnibus dormio.*

AN English gentleman, who was at Madrid, had one night an unfortunate encounter in the street, wherein he

A

had

had killed a man. Taking refuge under the porch of a church, he was surprised, in supporting himself against the door, to find that it was not shut, and to perceive a faint light in the church. He had courage to enter, and advance toward the light ; but what was his astonishment to behold a woman attired in white vesture, ascending from a tomb, armed with a bloody knife ! She approached toward him, and asked his business in that place ? The Englishman, who believed he was speaking to an apparition, recounted his adventure. “ Stranger,” said the woman, “ you are
 “ in my power ; I, as well as you, have committed a
 “ murder. Know that I am a nun of a noble family ; I
 “ have been dishonoured by a base perfidious ingrate, who
 “ has boasted of my favours : I assassinated him ; but
 “ my vengeance not being yet satisfied, I have obtained
 “ permission of the church-warden to enter the tomb, and
 “ have tore out his perfidious heart, which I am going to
 “ treat in the manner it deserves.” With these words she rent it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

FREDERIC, Count Palatine of Saxony, was the victim of Love. His wife, of whose name historians have left us ignorant, had conceived a violent passion for Louis, Landgrave * of Thuringe, and had inspired him with an equal affection. A crime, in similar instances, does not always startle us ; the wife of Frederic, after having sacrificed her honour, was not affrighted to resolve with her lover upon the death of her husband ; and every thing was concerted. The Landgrave came one day to hunt upon the Count's estate. The latter was prevailed on by his wife to resent the affront. In consequence he presented himself to the Landgrave, who being prepared, the husband fell a sacrifice ; and a short time after the Landgrave married the widow. Adalbert, Archbishop of

* A German Count.

Breme, brother to Frederic, who then governed the empire under Henry IV. made diligent search to discover the authors of his brother's death; but the perpetrators of it had taken such precautions, that their crime for that time remained enveloped in darkness. It was not till some years after that the mystery was cleared up. The Landgrave was cited to justify himself; upon his refusal to appear, he was considered guilty; and, after being arrested, was imprisoned in the castle of Gibecheinstein, from whence he escaped by throwing himself into the river Saal: this it was that gave him the surname of the *Leaper*.

He obtained absolution of his crime from the Pope, but was never able to obtain the pardon of the Emperor; and, after making his escape three times from prison, voluntarily shut himself up in a cloister.

Anno 1063.

K I S S I N G.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had stray'd.

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain,
That happiness here you may find:
To yourselves I appeal for felicity's reign,
When you meet with a man to your mind.

When gratitude friendship to fondness unites,
Inexpressive endearments arise:
Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts and delights,
Are announc'd by those tell-tales, the eyes.

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Those

Those technical terms, in the science of love,
Cold schoolmen attempt to describe;
But how should they paint what they never can prove;
For tenderness knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyment that's thrown,
The treatment love takes most amiss,
Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown,
Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims:
For sots and clowns—class them with beasts.
No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,
To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,
Description, oh! teach me to praise,
The Overture Kifs to th' Op'ra of Love—
But beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are kisses, and, after the play,
They fill up the pause of delight:
The rich repetitions, which never decay,
The lips' silent language at night.

The raptures of kissing we only can taste,
When sympathies equal inspire;
And while to enjoyment, unbounded, we haste
Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again, and again, and again beauty sips;
What feelings these pressures excite!
When fleeting life's stopp'd by a kiss of the lips,
Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

LOTHARIO, King of France, married Emma, daughter of Lothario, king of Italy, and of the fair Adelaide.

It appears that this Princess was not constant to the King her husband; at least she was accused by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the King's brother, of a criminal commerce with Adalberon Ascelin, Bishop of Laon. The death of Lothario encreased these suspicions, as Emma was accused of having poisoned him. Louis V. who succeeded Lothario, his father, drove Adalberon from his See, and imprisoned the Queen his mother. It is also presumed that he would have begun a process against her, had he not died in the flower of his age. Some say that he was poisoned by Blanch, of Aquetain, his wife; others accuse his mother. It is known that this Prince finished the race of the Carolingians, after having reigned two hundred and thirty-six years.

Anno 987.

ON A FAN.

BY L—D J. T—.

*In which the story of Cephalus and Procris was painted,
with the motto, "Acce veni."*

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade.
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
Both gifts destructive to the giver prove:
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.] The women greatly distinguished themselves when Solomon II. besieged Rhodes. One among them of Greek origin, and of singular beauty, who was the mistress of the governor of the forts of the city, having learned that her lover had been killed, advanced towards the wall, holding two young infants which she had by the Chevalier; hurried on by despair, after having made the sign of the cross upon these innocents, and embraced them tenderly, she cut their throats and threw them into the flames. Soon after she ran to the place where her lover lost his life, and seizing his coat and sword, yet stained with his blood, she darted like a meteor into the midst of the Turks, where she perished, after having killed and wounded several.

Anno 1522.

ON LOVE.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

TO love I wake the silver string,
And of his soft dominion sing:
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow:
All mortals own his mighty sway,
And him the gods above obey.

THIBAULT I. Duke of Lorraine, son of Ferry, thought he ought to profit by the troubles which agitated the empire under the reign of Frederick II. to retake the citadel of Rosheim, of which the Emperor had made himself

self master. While the Prince was in Saxony, Thibauld appeared before Rosheim, and took possession of it with the greatest facility; he even made great ravages in Alsace. Frederick informed of this disorder, hastened to Lorraine with his cavalry. Thibauld, shut up and besieged in Amance, was obliged to implore the mercy of the Emperor, who kept him prisoner. He regained his liberty at the entreaties of the Bishop of Metz, but it was very fatal to him. He was followed by a courtezan, bribed, it is said, by Frederick, who gained an absolute ascendancy over Thibauld, and gave him a slow poison, of which he died a short time after at Nancy.

Anno 1220.

BY LORD LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest!
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

WHEN Belisarius entered Italy to make war upon the
Goths, Theodat their King, taking no precautions to de-
fend

send himself, tranquilly beheld this general take possession of Naples, without sending any succours to the inhabitants of that city. The Goths, enraged at this baseness, which even occasioned suspicions of treason, deposed their King, and set Vitigis upon the throne. This new Prince, to free himself from a competitor, ordered one of his officers, named Optaris, to pursue Theodat, who had taken flight, and to bring him back dead or alive. Optaris had received an injury, which made him execute these orders with pleasure. A short time before he had been on the point of marrying a handsome girl with whom he was in love; Theodat, from a shameful injustice, opposed this union, and had even forced the young woman to give her hand to another. Optaris had not yet forgotten this affront; he continued his pursuit with the greatest activity, and when he had found the unfortunate Theodat, massacred him.

Anno —

THE UNION OF BEAUTY AND WINE.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—Attend all ye fair ones, I'll tell you the art,

ONE day at her toilet, as Venus began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do,
Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
 On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;
 The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
 Declar'd she wou'd hob-nob once more.

Out of the window each wash, paste, and powder, she
 hurl'd,

And the god of the grape vow'd to join;
 Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid fame tell the
 world,
 The Union of Beauty and Wine.

IT is known that on the revolt of the Corsicans, there went into their Isle, one named Theodore, Baron of Newhoff, a gentleman of the county of la Marck, an adventurer who had frequented the different courts of Europe, and had art and credit enough to determine the rebels to elect him their King. In this high degree of elevation, where fortune did not long support him, he became enamoured of a young woman, the sister of one of his guards. The girl listened to, and received with a secret pleasure the vows of her sovereign; but her brother, not considering it an honour to have a sister the mistress of the King, expostulated with her rather roughly upon it, even in the house where the Prince was. Theodore, piqued and incensed at what he considered as want of respect, ordered him to be seized by the guards, and hung at the window: no one obeying, he resolved himself to punish the insolence of this subject; the young man seeing upon this that he must defend his life, armed with a chair, and assisted by his comrades, obliged Theodore to conceal himself till the storm was passed.

Anno 1736.

Louis.

LEWIS, Count Palatine, and lord of High Bavaria, had married the Princess of Brabant, of whom he was extremely fond. Chance caused a letter to fall into his hands, which that Princess had written to a certain nobleman. Some equivocal expressions which it contained, made Lewis believe that his wife was unfaithful. Giving himself up to all the fury of jealousy, and without taking the trouble to ascertain the fact, he mounted his horse, went to Donavent, where the Princess resided, and, after having the captain of the castle killed, as also the steward, and the women of the chamber, he caused the head of his wife to be struck off by the hand of the executioner. Scarcely was this tragedy finished, when Lewis was convinced of the innocence of her whom he had put to death. The grief which he felt was so great, that his hair became white in one night, although he was only twenty-seven years of age. To expiate his crime, he founded the beautiful monastery of Furstensfeld, in Bavaria, and caused the following lines to be engraven on the wall.

Conjugis innocæ fusi monumenta cruoris
Pro culpa pretium, claustra sacrata vides.

Anno 1246.

"WE have seen in the Island of St. Christopher, in America, says a philosophical historian, two negroes, young, well-made, robust, and courageous, born with uncommon souls, and who were tenderly attached to each other from infancy; companions in the same labours, they were united by their toils, which, in hearts of sensibility, attaches us more firmly than pleasures. If they were not happy, they consoled themselves, at least, in their misfortunes; but love, who absorbs every other passion, deprived them of the comforts they enjoyed. A young female negro, a slave with themselves, with looks more seducing, without doubt, from a
skin

skin of ebony, than from a front of alabaster, inflamed these two friends with an equal passion. Formed more to inspire, than to feel a passion, she would have accepted either for a husband, but neither would possess her, nor had resolution to give her up.

TIME did not abate the torments that preyed upon their souls, without weakening their friendship, or their love. Often their tears would mutually flow upon the bosom of each other, on the sight of the enchanting object which occasioned their despair. They sometimes swore to renounce love, and to abandon life, rather than violate their friendship. All the plantation was affected with the sight of these heart-rending combats. The love of the two friends, for the handsome negro, was alone the subject of discourse.

One day they followed her into the depth of a wood, each embraced her with ardour, pressed her a thousand times to his heart, repeated all the vows of love, called her by every name tenderness could invent, and, on a sudden, without speaking, without looking, plunged a dagger into her breast; she expired, and their tears and groans mingled with her last sighs. They rent the wood with their frantic cries. A slave runs to them, perceives from afar, that they ardently embrace the victim of their strange passion. and called for assistance. The two friends were found killing themselves, and locked in each other's arms, upon the corpse of the unfortunate woman, bathed in her blood, and expiring themselves in the stream which flowed from their wounds."

THE poet Lucretius is well-known from his celebrated poem, in which he with such boldness attacks Divine Providence, and all species of religion; a poem which has been refuted by the Anti-Lucretius of Cardinal de Polignac. This atheistical poet became the victim of love in a very whimsical manner. Lucelia, his wife, little sensible

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to the beauties which were produced from the mind of her husband, thought that he did not pay sufficient attention to her. Desirous of reviving love in the heart of Lucretius, she made him swallow a philter which she had been told was proper to accomplish her project. It is supposed that she was either deceived in the drugs she employed, or that she proportioned the dose to the extent of her wishes, for this beverage excited so violent a fermentation in the blood of the unfortunate Lucretius, that he grew frantic, and in one of the fits of his madness destroyed himself, at the age of forty-four.

Year of Rome 702.

M. DE SAINT LUC.] Frances D'Espinai, Lord de Saint Luc, Governor of Brouage, and Grand Master of the Artillery of France, distinguished himself by his valour, and the graces of his mind; he was polite, obliging, generous, and learned. These qualities procured him the favour of Henry III. while he was Duke of Anjou, and he became his minion when he ascended the Throne. Love in an instant destroyed all that fortune had done for him, and brought on his disgrace.

He had married Anne de Cope de Brossac, whom he tenderly loved, and was weak enough to discover to her an amorous intrigue of the King's, whose confidant he was. Mad. de Saint Luc, whether from that natural inclination of women to talk, or to make her court, discovered what she knew to the Queen. The Princess spoke of it to the King, who resolved to know from whom she had learnt this secret: the Queen could not hide it from him, and M. de Saint Luc was disgraced.

Anno 1530.

This Lord afterwards rendered the greatest services to Henry IV. He was made Knight of the order of the Holy Ghost, and lost his life at the siege of Amiens.

Anno 1597.

LAMENTABLE

LAMENTABLE CASE,

Submitted to the Bath Physicians.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
 Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
 Nor think that I am joking:
 When she wou'd, he can not comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a dry;
 And is not this provoking?

At night when Strephon comes to rest,
 Chloe receives him on her breast,
 With fondly-folding arms:
 Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
 With rising flames young Strephon burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing;
 But Chloe, now asleep, or sick,
 Has no great relish for the trick,
 And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disastrous case,
 When in the critical embrace,
 That only one is burning!
 Dear doctors, fet this matter right,
 Give Strephon spirits over night,
 Or Chloe in the morning.

ABASSA was sister to Aaron, or Haronn, Raschid, the
 fifth califf of the race of the Abassides. This princess hav-
 ing

ing had an opportunity to see Giaffar, a favourite of the prince, became in love with him. We may easily conceive how happy the favourite was when he found he pleased his master's sister. The great point was then to get that mutual passion approved by the califf, and to obtain his consent for their union. Abassa, more interested than any one to succeed in the project, because the lot of a Turkish princess, always shut up and deprived of the liberty of seeing a man, is not a very agreeable one, obtained through her steady prayers and solicitations to soften her brother's rigidity into a consent of granting her the object of her wishes. But, in consenting to unite the two lovers, the califf enjoined them a very hard condition: he forbade them ever to lay together. This was nearly the same as forbidding them to marry. The princess thought her brother could not resist her prayers. It was a great error; Aaron was inflexible. In this sad situation Abassa acted the second Eve, and succeeded in making Giaffar eat some of the forbidden fruit. Hence sprung a boy, who was secretly sent to Mecca to be brought up. Unluckily the secret was badly kept, and the califf being informed of it disgraced his favourite (whom he had even put to death) and expelled from his palace the unfortunate Abassa, his sister, who was afterwards reduced to the greatest distress and misery. It is said, that before she broke the rigorous order of her brother, she sent this writing to Giaffar her husband.

" I had resolved to keep my love concealed in
 " my heart; but it escapes and shews itself in spite of my
 " efforts.

" If you do not yield to this declaration, both my mo-
 " desty and my secret will be lost together.

" But, if you reject it, you will save my life by your
 " refusal.

" Let whatever will be happen, I shall not die unre-
 " venged.

" For, my death will sufficiently declare who was my
 " murderer."

Anno 800.

DON

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE;

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS;
OR, THE MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT.

BY MR. H—LL.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,
A city famous for its wares,
For priests and nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the best of fish in Lent.

There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
A hundred forts and strong redoubts,
Just like Vauban's, with ins and outs,
And cover'd-ways of love's construction.

In one, constructed as above.
There dwelt two nuns of the same age,
Join'd like two birds in the same cage,
Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,
Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
Tho' priests are commoner than cattle,
They had but one between them both.

Our nuns should have had two at least,
In Ghent they're common as great guns;
Which made it hard upon our nuns,—
And harder still upon the priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,
With spreading shoulders and a chest,
A leg, a chine, and all the rest,
Like Hercules of the Farnese.

Amongst the nuns there was a notion,
That these two sisters were assign'd
To him, for a severer kind
Of penitential devotion.

His penance lasted a whole year,
And he had such a piece of work :
If it had been for turning Turk,
It could not have been more severe.

Our nuns, which is no common case,
Living together without jangling ;
All on a sudden fell a wrangling,
About precedency and place.

They both with spleen were like to burst,
Like two proud misses when they fight,
At an assembly, for the right
Of being taken out the first.

Before the priest they made this clatter,
Between them both he was perplex'd.
And study'd to find out a text
To end the controverted matter.

Children, said he, scratching his scone,
I should be better pleas'd than you,
Could I divide myself in two,
And satisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have such pow'rs ;
But it is fit and seasonable,
That you should be more reasonable,
Whilst you're with beings such as ours.

Be friends, and listen to the teacher :
Cease your vain clamour and dispute,
Be ye like fishes mute,
Before Saint Anthony the preacher.

To end at once all disputation,
 I'll set my back against that gate,
 And there produce, erect and straight,
 The cause of all your altercation.

But first, you both shall hooded be,
 Both so effectually blinded,
 'Twill be impossible to find it,
 Except by chance or sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,
 The rudder of the church can seize,
 Like Peter's vicar with his keys,
 Shall keep the helm, and heave the lead;
 She shall go first, I mean to say.
 And have precedence ev'ry day.

The nuns were tickled with the jest,
 They were content; and he contriv'd,
 To give the helm, for which they striv'd,
 To her that manag'd it the best.

ABUSAID, the son of Algiapton, was sultan of the Moguls, and a descendant of the celebrated Genghiskan. He gave the place of generalissimo of his armies to the emir Giouban Niövan; and, in order to give him still a stronger testimony of his favour, he gave him his own sister for a wife. This favourite had a daughter whose name was Begdad Khatonn, whom he had married to the emir Hassam Iltehani. The rare beauty of that woman made a very strong impression on the heart of Abusaid; and, as sultans are absolute in their will, and are not used to meet with any opposition, the prince proposed to the emir Hassam to divorce his wife that he might marry her. Giouban, who depended on his credit, opposed that measure: but the emperor had him put to death along with his son.

Hastam preferred the loss of a wife to that of life: he yielded therefore his to Abufaid, who married her instantly, and who loved her so passionately that he left her the absolute mistress of the empire. Some authors pretend that she poisoned the emperor at the age of two and thirty.

Anno 1335.

THE GERANIUM.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

There is a tide in the affairs of men; which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. SHAKESPEARE.

IN the close covert of a grove,
By nature form'd for scenes of love,
Said Susan in a lucky hour,
Observe your sweet geranium flower;
How straight upon its stalk it stands;
And tempts our violating hands;
While the soft bud, as yet unspread,
Hangs down its pale declining head:
Yet, soon as it is ripe to blow,
The stem shall rise, the head shall glow,
Nature, said I, my lovely Sue,
To all her followers lends a clue;
Her simple laws themselves explain,
As links of one continued chain;
For her, the mysteries of creation
Are but the works of generation:
Yon blushing, strong, triumphant flower,
Is in the crisis of its power:
But short, alas! its vigorous reign,
He sheds his seed, and drops again:
The bud that hangs in pale decay,
Feels not, as yet, the plastic ray;

To-morrow's

To-morrow's sun shall bid him rise,
 Then, too, he sheds his seed, and dies:
 But words, my love, are vain and weak,
 For proof, let bright example speak;
 Then straight before the wond'ring maid
 The tree of life I gently laid;
 Observe, sweet Sue, his drooping head,
 How pale, how languid, and how dead!
 Yet, let the sun of thy bright eyes
 Shine hut a moment, it shall rise;
 Let but the dew of thy bright hand
 Refresh the stem, it straight shall stand;
 Already, see, it swells, it grows,
 Its head is redder than the rose;
 Its shrivell'd fruit, of dusky hue,
 Now glows, a present fit for Sue;
 The balm of life each artery fills,
 And in o'erflowing drops distils.
 "Ah! me!" cry'd Susan, "whence is this?
 What strange tumultuous throbs of bliss!
 Sure, never mortal, till this hour,
 Felt such emotion at a flower:
 Oh, serpent! cunning to deceive,
 Sure 'tis this tree that tempted Eve;
 The crimson apples hang so fair,
 Alas! what woman could forbear?"
 Well hast thou guess'd, my love, I cry'd,
 It is the tree by which she died;
 The tree which could alone content her,
 All nature, Susan, seeks the centre.
 Yet, let us still poor Eve forgive,
 It is the tree by which we live;
 But lovely woman still it grows,
 And in the centre only blows,
 For chief for thee its spreads its charms,
 For paradise is in thy arms.
 I ceas'd, for nature kindly here
 Began to whisper in her ear;
 And

And lovely sue lay softly, panting,
 While the geranium tree was planting,
 'Till, in the heat of am'rous strife,
 She burst the mellow tree of life.
 Oh, Heav'n! cry'd Susan, with a sigh,
 The hour we taste,—we surely die;
 Strange raptures seize my fainting frame,
 And all my body glows with flame;
 Yet let me snatch one parting kiss,
 To tell my love I die with bliss;
 That pleas'd, thy Susan yields her breath—
 Oh! who would live, If this be death!

ADALULPHE, a great Lombard nobleman, could not resist the charms and beauty of Gundebergue, the wife of Ariovaldus, king of Lombardy. He was seized with the most violent passion for her, but he did not dare to declare it. Some kind treatment he experienced from the princess made him forget his timidity. He had the boldness to make an attempt at the honour of Gundebergue, but he found all the resistance which the most severe virtue can oppose. Being then afraid lest the king should hear of his criminal enterprise, the care of preserving his life got the better of his love, and he charged with treasonable designs that very princess he adored, and who had the greatest right to his esteem. The two credulous king and Gundebergue closely confined, without allowing her either the time or the means of justifying herself.

Three years had already elapsed since the unjust detention of the queen; when Clotaire, king of France, moved with compassion at the misfortune of that princess, sent ambassadors to Ariovaldus, to remonstrate him that he had no right, on a mere accusation destitute of proofs, to treat with so much cruelty Gundebergue, who was a princess issued from the royal blood of France, and thus to deprive her of the honours due to her birth and her rank. The king

king contented himself with answering, that he had pretty strong reasons to act in that manner. One of the ambassadors, named Afoulde, resuming the speech, "We shall be of your opinion," said he to the king, "if you will be so kind as to permit the queen to justify herself through the medium of some of her officers who should fight her accuser in a duel." Ariovaldus gave his consent to the proposal. Then Aripert, a near relation to the queen, sent for one Pistto to fight with Adalulphe, who accepted the challenge. No one is ignorant that it was the fashion of those times thus to decide the most important affairs. Victory declared in behalf of innocence; Adalulphe was killed; Gundebergue was liberated out of prison, and resumed her rank.

Anno 623.

DICK AND DOLL.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune:—I'm like a skiff on the ocean toss'd.

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
For sake of shade I sought the grove
Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
I met with mutual love:

A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,

While she cry'd, "Dick, be still,

"Pray, tell me what's your will?"

"I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,"

And close to her's his lips he squeez'd;

"I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,

"But now I won't be teaz'd."

She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
She call'd out for help! and petition'd the clown,

" O Dick! dear Dick! let me rise,

" The sun puts out my eyes.

" I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,

" If ever——well—I won't submit——

" Why? what? the devil!—Curse me then;—

" You'll fling me in a fit."

Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd astant,

Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant;

And, feebly, on her tongue

Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,

The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,

Sweet smelt the hay on new-mown meads,

All seem'd the scene of love.

Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay;

A look, full of tenderness told him to stay;

" So soon, Dick, will you go?

" I wish——dear me!—heigh ho!"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,

Her tucker trembling to and fro,

Her crimson cheeks, her glitt'ning eyes,

Proclaim'd possession's glow.

Dick bid her farewell; but she, languishing, cry'd,

As wanton she play'd by her fall'n shepherd's side!

" A moment! pray, sit still,

" Since now you've had your will,"

" Lord! cries the girl, you hasty men,

" Of love afford but one poor proof;

" Our fowls at home, each sparrow hen

" Is ten times better off——

" No! that you shou'd not, had I known your design,

" But, since you've had your will, pray let me have
mine;

" So

"So, once more, ere we rise,
"Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

If beauty is to be considered as a precious gift in a woman, it is, however, but justice to confess, that there are also but too many examples of its having been the great cause of the most atrocious crimes being committed, while there are few only of its having procured real happiness. An awful verity, the fulness of which was keenly experienced by ADELEIDE, the daughter of Raoul II. king of Burgundy. Hughes, who, from a mere king of Arles, had arrived to the crown of Italy, demanded and obtained Adeleide for Lothaire, his son. She was conducted to the court of Hughes, although Lothaire was still too young to consummate the marriage, Hughes could not withstand the charms of the princess; he forgot she was the wife of his son. There was no great difficulty for him to be met with in seducing a young person whose innocence was extreme, and who was in his power. In a word, he was happy, if, however, one may be reckoned so, in the committing of crimes.

History does not inform us whether that princess, inured to libertinism from so early an age, behaved better or worse afterwards. All that we know is only that since the death of Lothaire, who left no children, Berenger II. who had got himself proclaimed king of Italy, asked Adeleide in marriage for his son Adelbert, who shared with him all the honours and privileges of royalty. This proposal having been rejected with rather too much haughtiness, the princess was besieged in Pavia; and, having not been able to prevent the town being taken, she fell into the hands of Berenger, who avenged himself very barbarously of the refusal of Adeleide. After having extorted from her favours which never ought to be but the reward of love, he had her closely shut up in the castle of Garda, without any other

other retinue but a maid and a priest to serve her as a chaplain. Oh age! Oh manners!

The love of liberty; however, procured Adeleide the means of escaping from her prison along with her two companions of slavery. While she was running away through all sorts of waving and serpentine roads, to avoid being found out, and while her chaplain was gone to fetch provisions, she found herself exposed to a new danger. Another priest met the princess and her maid; he thought he might take advantage of the opportunity of satisfying his brutish passion, and made such struggles and instances as are, in general, difficultly overcome. Adeleide, however, got out of her situation, by abandoning her maid to the impure desires of the priest; and the poor girl thought she ought to sacrifice herself to save her mistress's honour. At last the traveller, arrived at the fortress of Canosse.

Berenger, who was in the pursuit of them, and who had the greatest interest in suffering not the princess to escape him, lest she should set up her right and claim to the kingdom of Italy, which he had usurped, besieged immediately Canosse. The danger was great and urgent: nothing worse could happen to Adeleide than to fall a second time into the hands of a man who spared so little her virtue. She, therefore, called to her assistance Othon, the king of Germania, and offered him her hand and the kingdom of Italy. Ambition, joined with the beauty of the princess, determined Othon. He marched against Berenger, and obliged him to raise the siege. Othon imagined that, out of gratitude, Adeleide never could have the courage to refuse him any thing; "but he had promised her to take her
" as his wife, and it was the very way to make her most
" virtuous. Indeed, she opposed so many obstacles to his
" wishes, and rendered the satisfying of his desires so very
" difficult, that he could not come to the possession of her
" without first marrying her. That marriage procured Othon
" the kingdom of Italy." Some time afterwards, this prince being called by the pope, John XII. the grandson
of

of the celebrated Marozia, took possession of the empire;
as we shall have occasion to relate hereafter.

Anno 951.

S O N G.

BY C ——— L T ———.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight;
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes,
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd,
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess,
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:
When flames my nerves invade;
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be press'd!

C

Venus

Venus round Fancy's waist,
 Has her own cestus bound,
 With guardian Cupid's grac'd,
 Who dance the circle round.
 How happy must he be,
 Who shall her zone unloose!
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May heaven and she refuse.

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin
 Your heart, like mine, to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin,
 Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
 Which gave to Chloe birth?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which make a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priests trepann'd
 By some sly fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 "Increase and multiply!"

You say that love's a crime; content,
 Yet this allow you must,
 More joy's in heav'n, if one repent,
 Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,
 Repent, and be forgiven;
 Bless me, and by repentance make
 A holy-day in heav'n.

ADHAN

ADHAD EDDOULAT, the second prince, or sultan of the race of the Bovidès, otherwise Delemites, became the most potent and illustrious prince of his age. He united with his estate the kingdom of Persia, which was left to him by his uncle Adhad Eddoulat, at his death; he took possession of the califfship of Bagdat, and, by an additional stroke of luck, he found out a treasure of immense value, in a manner strange enough, as we are going to relate.

Among the many women of the prince, there was one in particular for whom a soldier of his guard was inflamed with the strongest passion of love. He soon found the means of informing her of it, without being detected. One day, as he was a hunting, he pursued a fox, who made for and immediately got into his den. In digging all round, the soldier discovered some steps which led him to a grotto wherein he found much gold and many precious stones. He contented himself with taking a small quantity of them, and to mark the place that he might come to it again to take more whenever he wanted.

His sweetheart soon found that he had had some good luck by the presents she received from him. Her curiosity induced her to put several questions to her lover: he could not resist the prayers and incessant solicitations of a woman he adored, and he entrusted her with his secret. This girl forgot immediately what she owed to a man who made the greatest sacrifices to please her: she feared not to expose the life of a man who loved her so much, in revealing the whole to the sultan, as she hoped, by that means, to make her fortune and to obtain the pardon of her fault, in introducing a man in the seraglio. The prince told her that, in order to find out where that treasure was concealed, she was to get herself taken there by the soldier, and have with her some bits of paper, which she should strew all along as she proceeded in the way, in order to facilitate the finding of the place. The whole was punctually executed. The prince, who was faithfully informed of the transaction, repaired, in company with some of his favourites, to the grotto, where the loving couple were arrived. The soldier

was very much surpris'd at this sudden interview. He expected nothing less than to loose his life, when the sultan comforting him with kindness, made him a present of part of the treasure, and gave him for wife the woman he loved.

Anno 980.

THE POET'S TALE;
OR, THE CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

BY R. B. S——, ESQ.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,
For the first night, timid and coolish,
If they continue so the second,
They always have been reckon'd foolish.

The reason's obvious and plain—

In many nice and ticklish cases,

There's much to lose, and nought to gain,

By affectation and grimaces:

A bridegroom, on the second night,

Whipt off the bed-clothes in surprise,

Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,

Enough to make your choler rise.

She turn'd away as red as scarlet,

Whilst he continu'd, Pray behold;

Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,

That looks so impudent and bold,

This is the fifteenth time in vain,

He hath been sent to jail and fetter'd;

But there's no prison can contain

A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHARD.

The

The bride turn'd round, and took her place;

After some studying and thinking—

Said she, recovering her face,

Tho' modesty still kept her winking;

In vain the vagabond's committed,

And to hard work and labour sent,

If you, his keeper are outwitted

By his pretending to repent.

You treat him ruggedly and hard,

Whilst any insolence appears,

But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,

The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you must know that I suspect

A fellow-feeling in such shape,

Or else you would not, through neglect,

Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,

That you'll deliver him to me,

And suffer me to keep him there,

'Till I consent to let him free.

AKIBA, a celebrated Rabbi, whose name did not shine till after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, owed his learning to love only. He was a herdsman to a rich inhabitant of Jerusalem; in that situation, he dared to lift up his eyes and his heart as high as the daughter of his master, and declare to her his passion for her. His boldness met with all the success he could wish for. His mistress, in listening to his desires, promised him to take him as a husband, if he would study and become a great scholar. Love is a great teacher. Akiba, stimulated by the hope of obtaining the possession of the darling object of his wishes, soon became one of the greatest doctors in Jerusalem. His reputation grew so extensive, that the number of his pupils was computed at twenty-four thousand. Such a success

was crowned by his marriage with his master's daughter; but that happiness was but short. Having, unfortunately for him, been brought over to join the faction of the impostor Baroquebas, Akiba was taken, and put to the most dreadful excruciating tortures; he had his body torn to pieces with iron combs.

TO DELIA.

BY MR. B——T.

DELIA! once the fairest virgin of the morn;
 To melancholy now a prey forlorn;
 Seek not, sweet maid, the lonely sea-beat shore,
 Nor let thy swain, for love, thy loss deplore.
 When he the ruthless surge did first assail,
 And spread the canvass for the prosperous gale;
 By honour urg'd to far Indostan's plain,
 To gain a laurel, or a trophy'd fame;
 To fight for thee, the best, the noblest prize,
 That tyrant man could give, or Heav'n devise:
 Now in the short-liv'd year again to meet,
 Again to bless thee in thy lone retreat;
 In ecstasy of soul to breath his last,
 On lips ambrosial gain a new repast,
 And to returning life fresh vigour lend,
 Returning joys another exit end;
 Voluptuous bliss, and pain, alternate move
 To crown with joys the bower of mutual love;
 So the sweet-scented bud of pallid hue
 Soon shines, a full-blown crimson rose to view,
 And marks to man, how transient is his flame,
 While the prolific stock new joys proclaim;
 Another now supplies the vacant seat,
 And shades the sacred grot of love's retreat;

Envied

Envied witness of the amorous sight—
 Luscious privilege of the nuptial night!
 Then why, fair nymph, expose those heav'nly charms;
 Why let thy cheek to fade with false alarms;
 Why mourn o'er woes unnumber'd, yet unknown;
 Why reckon others' sorrows for your own?
 'Tis sympathy, sweet maid, that racks thy soul,
 To spread a partial misery thro' the whole;
 'Tis that that decorates thy heav'n born breast,
 And plants thy happiness above the rest,
 In Henry's arms to live the envied fair,
 Oh happy man! Oh happy, happy pair!
 For thee, sweet girl, thy Henry halt'neth near,
 When Cupids will prolong thy fond career;
 When day and night will lead to new desires,
 And strive to quench the never-cooling fires;
 Such the delights of th' Hymeneal state,
 Such joys, my Delia, thee do now await;
 Then will the timbrels beat to song divine,
 And the gay'st couplets of the tuneful Nine
 Will tell the fickle world, with fond design,
 How Henry and Delia did in one combine;
 How happy were the well-deserving pair,
 How gen'rous was the noble Henry's care,
 How happy was the happiest of the fair.

FERDINAND, surnamed the Catholic, and Isabella, his
 queen, had seen fortune constantly occupied in favouring
 all their undertakings; they reigned over the several king-
 doms of Aragon, Castille, and Leon. But the conquest
 of the kingdom of Grenada, which the Moors were still
 in possession of, flattered still their ambition. Love, who,
 as we say it in another place, had placed them on the
 thrones of Castille, to the detriment of the lawful heirs,
 confined in a convent, smothered and made again easy
 for them, the ways to lay hold of that kingdom they wished
 for

for so much, and which, indeed, became them better than any one else.

Albohacen reigned over Grenada. A numerous posterity gave him room to hope that his succession would quietly descend to his heirs; he did not foresee the misfortunes which his passions were on the eve of bringing upon his head. Although already advanced in years, he became passionately in love with a young christian girl, whose beauty had caused her to be called by the name of *Zoraïa*, which, in the Arabic language, means *Morning-star*. This girl sacrificing to her ambition the God she adored, consented to satisfy the king's passion, on the condition he should marry her. Albohacen was too much in love to refuse any thing. He divorced his lawful queen, who was, besides, a near relation to him, and married *Zoraïa*. This woman, taking advantage of the empire, which youth and beauty generally give over an enamoured old man, soon demanded greater sacrifices. She insisted upon the children of the first wife being put to death, that the crown might come, without difficulty, to her's. Love, who blinded Albohacen, made him smother in his breast all paternal tenderness, and, to satisfy the insatiable ambition of the imperious *Zoraïa*, he gave orders to have his children massacred. Two only having escaped from that slaughter, through the skill of their mother, took refuge at Cadiz, among some malecontents.

So barbarous a behaviour stirred up madness and fury in the hearts of the king of Grenada's subjects. They called the eldest of the princes, who had escaped, and placed him on the throne, during the absence of his father. Vainly did Albohacen attempt to enter again the town of Grenada; he saw himself dethroned in one day, obliged to retire to some towns which kept faithful to him, and to dispute to the last day of his life the throne with his own son. All those divisions among the Moors, which increased still after the death of Albohacen, because Boubdil, his son, found a concurrent in Zagal, his uncle, were a blessing for Ferdinand

Ferdinand and Isabella, who were not idle in making the best of it.

Anno 1482.

S O N G.

BY MRS. R——.

TO make the man kind, and keep true to your bed,
Whom your choice, or your destiny, brings you to
wed;

Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has taught,
And experience, we know, never fails when 'tis bought!

The arts which you practis'd, at first, to ensnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair)
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his flame!
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover than conquer an heart;
For one is all nature, the other all art.

Tho' a fairer than you he shou'd happen to see,
Be pleas'd with his choice, and then with you were she:
Slyly find out your rival's particular charms,
And at night be the very same girl in his arms.

Good sense is to them, what a face is to you;
Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their due:
Doubt the strength of your judgment, compar'd to his
own,
And he'll give you perfections, at present unknown.

Shou'd

Shou'd you learn that your rival his bounty partakes;
 And your merited favour, ungrateful forakes;
 Still, still, debonair: still engaging and free,
 Be deaf, tho' you hear; and be blind, while you see.

IN the time of the crusade, which was determined upon after the fourth council of Latran, in 1215, Andrew, king of Hungary, was one of the first who went over to the Holy Land, in order to carry assistance to the Christians of that country. As he left his kingdom, he trusted the administration of it to the palatine of Hungary, whose name was Banchanus, and recommended him, above all things, to do strict justice to every one, without any regard to either rank or fortune.

Banchanus's wife, a woman of the greatest beauty, anxious to soothen the melancholy of the queen, kept her a most assiduous company. The count of Moravia, who was the queen's own brother, coming to Hungary in those circumstances, was received with all possible marks of distinction; and it was the endeavour of every one to amuse him with routs, balls, and assemblies. It was in the midst of all those entertainments that this prince fell in love with the regent's wife. He was not long before he made her a confession of his passion, and employed all the means which the most ardent love can inspire to win the heart of that lady. All his attempts were vain, and Banchanus's wife, teased at last with so close a pursuit, pretended for a while some indisposition, that she might keep away from court. This obdurate repulse only increased and irritated the prince's desires. A gloomy melancholy, the usual effect of a great passion, took possession of his mind; and, to ease his soul, he was obliged to entrust it to the queen his sister. This princess took rather too much interest in her brother's distress of heart, and was weak enough to favour his criminal intentions. In order to succeed better, the count affected a more respectful behaviour with his mistress; he shewed
 less

less ardor, and became not so troublesome. Thus, her apprehensions being removed by the alteration of his conduct, this woman took less precautions; and, one day, having accompanied the queen in a remote part of her apartment, the princess abandoned her to the count, who was there, and by force got what he had not been hitherto been able to obtain through his assiduities and solicitations.

Although the regent's wife was enraged in her soul, she kept the secret of this adventure for some time. But, one day, seeing her husband disposed to caress her with his usual tenderness, "Approach me not," says she, my lord, in pouring a flood of tears, "and get away from a woman who is no longer worthy the chaste embraces of her husband. A villain full of boldness has been rash enough to sully your bed, and the queen, his sister, has not been ashamed herself to deliver me up to his transports. I should already have punished myself for what is their crime, had not religion forbid me to make an attempt on my life. But this forbiddance of the law has no concern with an injured husband; I am but too guilty, since I have lost my honour; I beg my death of you as a favour, that I may no longer survive my shame and my disgrace."

Banchanus, after having consoled his wife as well as he could, considered how he could be revenged of this affront. The first victim ought to have been the count of Moravia, but this prince had secretly left the kingdom. Banchanus, therefore, repairs to the palace, asks the queen to retire into her closet with him, in order to take communication of some letters he had just received. When he was alone with her, he reproached her with bitterness with her crime, and stabbed her to death. He himself informed the court of what he had done, and of the motives of his action. Then, taking the road to Constantinople, he met there the King Andrew, and told him: "Mighty Lord, in giving me your last commands, as you were setting out from Hungary, you charged me above all things, that, with-

" out

“out any regard either for rank or nobility, I should ad-
 “minister justice to all your subjects with the strictest ri-
 “gour. That I have done to myself; I have killed the
 “queen, your wife, who had prostituted mine; and, far
 “from seeking for the safety of my person by a shameful
 “flight, I bring you my head. Dispose as you like of
 “my life: but, remember that by my life or my death
 “your people will judge of your equity, and whether I
 “am innocent or guilty.”

The example was without an equal, as well as the bold-
 ness of Banchanus. If things are as you say,” replied
 the king, “go back to Hungary; continue to administer
 “justice to my subjects with the same exactness and severity
 “as you did to yourself. My stay in the Holy Land shall
 “not be long; and, at my return, I shall examine on the
 “spot, whether your action is worthy of praise or punish-
 “ment.” Indeed, the prince did not tarry long after that
 in Palestine, which did great hurt to the Christians, to
 whose assistance he had come; but the action of Banchanus
 had made on him a terrible impression. No sooner had
 he returned home, but he would examine, himself, the cir-
 cumstances of that celebrated litigation, and he was equi-
 table enough to acquit Banchanus.

Anno 1218.

A LOVE SONG.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air.*

LET him, fond of fibbing, invoke which he'll chuse,
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or madam the muse;
 Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,
 But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

If e'er to say ought, save the thing which is true,
 No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;

She

She has charms upon charms, such as few people may
view,
She has charms—for the tooth-ach, and eke for the ague.

Her lips;—she has too, and her teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
Black and all black her eyes; but what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the
dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing:
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it:
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman, yet born, e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries:
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf, you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've
carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd;
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she's serv'd, when he throws them
aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size—in the middlin gway.
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all—but I'm wrong,
Her *all* I can't say, for I've sung *all* m song.

AN English young girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, being softly solicited, and at last persuaded by her father's 'prentice, suffered herself to be run away with. In order to put the scheme in execution, they found themselves under the necessity of dressing in disguise; and, out of a thousand among which the fugitive couple might have chosen, their unlucky star made them pick one, the unskilful choice of which was the cause of their plan miscarrying. They took it into their heads to disguise both in sailors cloaths, and at that very time there was precisely a very hot press carrying on in England. Hardly were our lovers looking on themselves as out of danger when they met the terror of the maritime gentry, a press-gang. They were instantly taken up, and in spite of all their clamours they were carried on-board the tender. Both appeared before the Captain-Basha, who having heard their complaints, thus answered the fair captive: "Say what you will, my dear heart, I must keep you both, and for a very good reason, the king wants your lover, and I want you." They say the young man, furious at this judgment, tore his hair, and that the fair maid made the best of her circumstance. *Girls are so reasonable!*

Anno 1776. Public papers.

WELL JUDGED.

A TALE. BY MR. T——L.

AN alderman, a wealthy cit,
 One morning met a man of wit;
 Dear Dick, said he, I like your way,
 You're always chearful, ever gay;
 Yet, if what I have heard be true,
 Fortune has been unkind to you,
 And has denied the only blessing
 We citizens think worth possessing;

'Tis

'Tis wealth I mean, and that your sense
Is of more current than your pence.

Good faith, replied our merry spark,
My worthy friend, you've hit the mark,
I very often know the curse
Of being with an empty purse;
A sad disease, and, I am sure,
I gladly would find out a cure:
For, since the truth must be confess'd,
It very often breaks my rest:
It blunts my humour, dulls my wit;
'Tis very well, replied the cit,
The sickness known, the cure is easy,
And I shall do my best to please ye.
What think you of a wealthy wife?
Could you endure the married life?
A woman with ten thousand pound,
Young, blooming, chearful, fair, and sound,
May soon be had, if you incline;
What answer give you, friend of mine?

The merry spark a while was dumb,
He scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,
Look'd very wise and very grave,
Then to the cit this answer gave:
My friend, I am not such a sot,
(If such a marriage could be got)
As to refuse to tie the knot:
But, I'm afraid, you'll scarcely find
A fortune of that generous mind,
Who will her hopes of greatness quit,
And wed a poor man for his wit;
Nay, I for ever must despair
To get a wife both rich and fair.

The alderman replied, I see
Your want of faith and trust to me;
But, ere to-morrow come, I may
Shew you a proof of what I say;
Come, dine with me; I know what's what,
I have three girls—but mum for that:

You'll have for dinner beef and fish,
 And wine as good as you can wish.
 My girls can dance, can sing, and play,
 And are, like you, for ever gay.
 My wife, you know, is dead long since,
 And I live merry like a prince :
 You know enough's as good's a feast,
 And you shall be a welcome guest.

I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
 Said Dick, you act a friendly part ;
 Would I could shew my gratitude,
 To one so very kind and good :
 But what's within my pow'r I'll do,
 And be obedient still to you.

The alderman, with great content
 Home to this house with Richard went ;
 Who, tho' he there had often been,
 Yet never had the daughters seen ;
 But now the father meant that he
 Should have a sight of all the three.
 Down stairs they came ; and Richard swore,
 He ne'er beheld such charms before ;
 Beauty and youth, and ev'ry grace,
 Alike adorn'd each smiling face ;
 A sprightliness in all appear'd,
 And ev'ry look his bosom cheer'd ;
 His soul was ravish'd with delight,
 And flutter'd at the joyous sight.

And now they all at dinner sat,
 And pass'd their time in merry chat,
 But love had ruffled Richard's quiet,
 And made him quite neglect his diet :
 By turns the sisters he survey'd,
 And thus at length his wit display'd.

The haughty wife of thund'ring Jove,
 Minerva, and the queen of love,
 Three goddesses (as we are told)
 From heav'n came down, in days of old ;

The prize of beauty was the end,
 That made these goddesses descend,
 Since Discord had an apple giv'n,
 That much disturb'd the peace of heaven;
 For she, till then, had been a guest
 At ev'ry marriage, ev'ry feast;
 But, with her endless malice tir'd,
 Her presence they no more desir'd.
 This so enrag'd the spiteful dame,
 That she to high Olympus came,
 And 'mongst the goddesses she threw
 A golden apple, then withdrew,
 And, grinning, said, let this be giv'n
 To her that fairest is in heav'n.

Each goddess strove to seize the fruit,
 And rais'd in heav'n a great dispute;
 But when the three that I have nam'd,
 Each for herself the apple claim'd,
 The lesser goddesses were mute,
 And left with grief the golden fruit;
 Yet would no god in heav'n decree
 Who had th' advantage of the three.
 At last the gods desir'd that they
 To Ida's mount would take their way,
 And there find out some shepherd youth,
 Whose untaught soul knew only truth,
 Free from ambition and from pride,
 Who only could the cause decide.

O happy Paris! it was you
 Three naked goddesses did view,
 And to love's queen gave up the prize;
 But, spite of sense, and spite of eyes,
 If you had these bright sisters seen,
 The choice had not so easy been;
 You ne'er had ended the dispute,
 Nor known to whom to give the fruit.
 Dick's flattery all the sisters pleas'd,
 While raptures on the father seiz'd;

Dear Dick, he cried, to tell the truth,
 Thou art a most bewitching youth ;
 Whate'er you do with ease is done,
 I wish I had you for a son ;
 And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
 To what I say, pray lend an ear :

I wish, dear Richard, you'd agree
 To take a wife out of the three ;
 Ten thousand pounds to each I'll give,
 And make it better, if I live ;
 And she on whom my Dicky pitches,
 Shall ne'er complain for want of riches.

Dick, at this strange discourse amaz'd,
 Upon the blushing sisters gaz'd ;
 He fear'd it was the effect of drink,
 And knew not what to say or think ;
 No wealth, no money, had he got,
 Nor was he worth a single groat.

But th' alderman began again,
 And did his former speech explain :
 Dear daughters, I of wealth have store,
 Nor do I ask or wish for more :
 Dick is my friend, but Dick, you know,
 No kind of jointure can bestow ;
 But Dick has sense, and Dick has wit,
 And Dick for ev'ry thing is fit,
 While elder brothers, as you know,
 Are good for nothing but for show ;
 I ne'er cou'd bear these gaudy boys,
 Of all mankind Dick is my choice.

The smiling sisters own'd for truth,
 They had no quarrel to the youth ;
 But yet they thought it was but fair
 That Richard should his mind declare.
 On this the charming maids withdrew,
 And left poor Dick, I know not how.

The alderman, his daughters gone,
 And he and Richard left alone,

A bumper fill'd, why Dick, said he,
Here is a health to all the three;
Take which of them best pleases thee.

Dear Sir, said Dick, I cannot tell,
I love them all so very well;
They all of them such charms possess,
That I am puzzl'd, I confess;
Had I but one bright beauty view'd,
With ease she had my heart subdu'd;
But when that three, with equal charms,
A heart like mine at once alarms,
Each form'd alike for heav'nly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.

Paris, as I have lately told,
(But that was in the days of old)
When three bright ladies of the sky
To him, as umpire, did apply,
Made them their heav'nly robes unpin,
And stripp'd each goddess to the skin.
But now such freedoms will not pass,
Tho' we with ease may find a lass,
Who will all night lie by our side,
Yet such is now the sex's pride,
That tho' we flatter, fawn and beg,
The saucy thing won't show her leg.

Your daughters, Sir, are heav'nly fair,
But when their beauties I compare,
I freely own I can't discover
To which of them I'm most a lover;
But, if their wit you'll let me try,
I'll soon find out the mystery.

Yet let each maid keep on her mask,
Till I one single question ask;
For I must honestly confess,
It favours much of wantonness,
And on their cheeks may raise a blush,
And that, I swear, I do not wish;
But since I am to chuse a wife,
And that the comfort of my life

Depends

Depends upon the lucky chance,
 Forgive me this extravagance.

The alderman was well content,
 And for his charming daughters sent,
 To whom he told what Dick had said;
 And hop'd they would not be afraid,
 Since sure it would be no hard task,
 To answer what his friend would ask,
 And begg'd, since one must be a bride,
 They'd lay all bashfulness aside.

The maids consent, and Dick, on this,
 Of each fair sister took a kiss;
 These kisses set his heart on fire,
 And in him rais'd such strong desire,
 That he stood trembling and amaz'd,
 And on each lovely charmer gaz'd.

The masks were fix'd, and Dick begun,
 I wish, dear ladies, I could shun
 The asking questions; but I find
 I am so much to all inclin'd,
 That, in my soul, I can't agree,
 Who is the dearest of the three;
 Whoe'er I get, I'm sure of joys,
 Yet I'm confounded in my choice;
 But since you gen'rously submit
 To make a trial of your wit,
 Forgive me, fair ones then, if I
 Your knowledge by a question try;
 And pardon me, if to your ears,
 The question something odd appears:—
 Whether the mouth that's in your face,
 Or that in a more hidden place,
 The eldest is? who answers best
 Shall triumph in my happy breast,
 If with that breath the fair one gives
 A reason why she so believes.

The masks their rosy cheeks conceal'd,
 While blushing necks their shame reveal'd.

The first-born daughter said,
I think the eldest is my mouth,
Since in it there are teeth of bone,
In that below, I'm sure, are none.

The second said, the seat of love
Is eldest; for the mouth above,
Upon its lips no hair can show,
But I have got a beard below;
And added, with a kind of rage,
Is not a beard a sign of age?

The youngest sister, smiling, said,
I'm but a young and silly maid;
But yet I think the mouth above
Is elder than the seat of love;
And what I say, I thus evince;
My upper mouth was wean'd long since,
And flesh, and fish, and bones can eat,
But mouth below longs for the teat.

Richard on this embrac'd the fair,
And for the youngest did declare;
He married her with great content,
And never did his choice repent.

DURAND, the ancient French poet, who lived about the year 1300, became enamoured of a lady of the house of the Counts de Balbi. Pursuing the custom of those times, Durand drew out the horoscope of his mistress: they say it shewed some wonderful tokens of her death, which nevertheless was not to happen till at the end of a very long life.

Some time after the lady was attacked by a disorder so violent, that she was thought dead, and they were preparing for her interment when Durand received the melancholy intelligence. Whether it was that he forgot the horoscope of his mistress, or that he placed little dependance on all such predictions, but he abandoned himself to a grief so violent, that he died.

In the mean time, his mistress discovered signs of life as they were going to put her in the ground; she was brought back to her house, and her health being perfectly established, they could no longer conceal from her the death of Durand, and the cause of it.

Touched with a passion so lively, and which had terminated so fatally, she took the veil, and died a nun, at the age of sixty.

ON LADY T—RC—L's RING.

BY MR. S——.

YOUR husband gave to you a ring,
 • Set round with jewels rare:
 You gave to him a better thing—
 —A ring set round with hair!

LOVE, the little god, whose mighty power we so imperfectly describe, never shewed himself greater, than when he seized upon Diogenes. It must have been pleasant to see this philosophic cynic in love, and given up to all the extravagance of his passion. Certain it is, however, that this Diogenes, who had no other habitation than a cask, whose whole exterior announced only poverty and slovenliness, became enamoured of *Laïs*, the established courtesan at Corinth; and it is singular, that this *Laïs*, who rated her favours at so high a price, and who even then would have a choice, not only bore with the disgusting appearance of Diogenes, but granted to him *gratis*, that which she sold so dear to others.

MISS

MISS IN HER TEENS.

A TALE. BY MR. H——L.

MISS Molly was almost fourteen,
 Her cousin, Dick, a year older,
 The difference of a year between,
 Was very easy to be seen,
 For Dick was grown a year bolder.

Tho' he is grown bolder and braver,
 Molly grew bashfuller and shier;
 So serious, and so much graver,
 She hardly would let Dick come nigh her.

The year before, upon no score,
 Would Dick be caught in such a trick,
 As either peeping through the nick,
 Or through the key-hole of a door.

The year before Miss had no fears,
 And there was no such thing as squaling,
 And Dick had neither eyes nor ears,
 Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,
 Dick was unlucky, but not rude;
 And Molly so far from a prude,
 'Till now her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon mamma road out,
 Papa was laid up in the gout;
 Well, and what became of Molly?
 If she had taken her to ride,
 She should have been confin'd and try'd
 For flagrant wilful folly,

When

When they are let out of the cage,
 Without consideration,
 All children of a certain age
 Are giv'n to observation;

Their judgment's so exceeding weak,
 Their fancy so exceeding strong,
 That you can neither act nor speak,
 They are so apt to take things wrong.

So neither Miss, nor Dick the sapling,
 With madam rides;
 She is attended by the chaplain
 And none besides.

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
 Is difficult to say, I own,
 Miss and papa had been so teaz'd,
 They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber Molly's flown,
 Fast bolted is her chamber door,
 So cautious the damsel's grown,
 From what Miss Molly was before.

Ever since Dick began to cry,
 Ever since Molly cast her frock,
 She never ventures to rely
 On the protection of a lock.

Molly suspects her cousin Dick,
 Her cousin Dick's so plaguy sly,
 That lock, or any lock can pick,
 That Dick has any mind to try.

Dick pick the lock! it could not be,
 If Molly only had the sense,
 As soon as she had turn'd the key,
 Not to have taken it from thence,

Molly

Molly would gladly have compounded,
 If Dick would let her 'scape so cheap,
 Whenever Molly was impounded,
 She left that hole for Dick to peep.

She knew there was no keeping
 Her cousin, Dick, from peeping:
 For sure as ever you're alive,
 Either with gimblet or skewer,
 Her cousin Richard would contrive
 To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.

For some particular affair,
 That Molly had in agitation,
 She did not, at that juncture, care
 To be expos'd to speculation.

She clapp'd a fire-screens to the hole,
 To hinder cousin Dick from spying;
 Little imagining, poor soul,
 That Dick was in her closet lying.

The room, as you have heard me tell,
 At all times had been Molly's own,
 The closet was a citadel,
 Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,
 And thinking made her more afraid;
 A closet was a dang'rous place
 For stratagem and ambuscade;
 So the room still to Miss remains,
 The fort to mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,
 Mamma had lost in a strange sort:
 In riding out, the key was lost,
 And it was found by Dick at play,
 Upon the spot where it was tofs'd,
 Upon a heap of new-made hay.

E

Her

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,
 Is badly broke, and apt to start;
 And by a sudden jerk, or spring,
 Or swing, or some such thing;
 Out flew the key, as if a stone
 Had flown,
 Out of a sling.

Pray, what was Miss's great neglect?
 Where was her indiscretion?
 This treach'rous key could she suspect
 To be in Dick's possession?

She was so deliberate and cool,
 Each nook and cranny she survey'd;
 She even examin'd the close-stool,
 But Dick was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, Dick never told,
 And that is much for one so young,
 When people that are twice as old,
 Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something curious,
 Some extraordinary matter,
 Dick star'd, and look'd so furious,
 When he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Though she was cruelly betray'd,
 Dick made up matters very soon;
 Molly was reconcil'd, Dick stay'd,
 And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The point was long and well debated,
 But Dick so solemnly protested,
 By Molly he was reinstated,
 And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
 And sent the chaplain out to look;
 'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
 But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best:
 As to the key, the careful mother,
 Before she laid her head to rest,
 Sent and bespoke just such another.

'Twas well she let the lock remain;
 Had it been chang'd on his report,
 It would have caus'd infinite pain,
 And spoilt a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time Molly grew sick,
 Every day sicker and sicker,
 Molly's complaints came very thick,
 Every day thicker and thicker:
 She was advis'd to change the air;
 She did; but nobody knows where.

Molly came home a different thing,
 Both in her shape, and ev'ry feature,
 From what she went away in spring;
 You never saw a virgin sweeter.

'Squire Noddy came from his travels,
 By Molly is a captive led;
 He to her fire his mind unravels,
 Her fire consents, and Molly's wed.

It is six years that Squire Noddy,
 Has had the care of Molly's body,
 And they have children half a dozen;
 But what is very odd is this,
 That none of all the six should miss,
 But ev'ry one be like her cousin.

MARY Marguerite D'Aubray was a daughter of Mr. Dreux d'Aubray, lieutenant-civil. She was married in 1651 to the Marquis of Brinvilliers, who was mestre-de-camp in the regiment of Normandy. During his stay at his regiment's quarters, he got acquainted with one Sieur Godin, surnamed Sainte-Croix, who had been captain of horse in the regiment of Trassi, and who was the bastard of a distinguished family, a man capable of the greatest crimes, though, by the bye, engaging in his person, and endued with all the qualities which may seduce a woman. The Marquis of Brinvilliers introduced him into his house, not suspecting he gave that entrance to an infernal villain, who was going to dishonour his bed, and be the cause of all his misfortunes.

Mr. Sainte-Croix soon paid his addresses to Lady Brinvilliers, and he had no need of employing much art in order to seduce her. This passion assumed such an empire over the mind and the heart of the marchioness, that she became the slave of her lover, and committed the most atrocious crimes to please him. His connection with her became even so publicly known, that Mr. d'Aubray thought himself under the necessity of soliciting a letter-de-watchet to send Mr. de Saint-Croix to the Bastile.

THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.

AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

THE marriage-morn I can't forget,
 My senses teem'd with new delight;
 "Time," cried I, "haste the coming night,
 "And, Hymen, give me sweet Lifence!"

I whisper'd

I whisper'd softly in her ear,
 And said, "the God of night draws near."
 O how she look'd! O how she smil'd! O how she sigh'd!
 She sigh'd—then spent a joyful tear.

Now nuptial-night her curtain drew,
 And Cupid's madate was "commence."
 "With ardour break the virgin fence!"
 Then to the bed sweet Lisette flew—
 'Twas heav'n to view her as she lay,
 And hear her cry, "come to me, pray!"
 "O how I feel! O how I pant! O I shall die!"
 "Shall die before the break of day!"

Soon manhood rose with furious gust;
 And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
 Ne'er felt his power so closely screw'd
 Up to the standing post of lust!
 But when the stranger to her sight,
 Sweet Lisette saw, in rampant plight!
 O how she scream'd! O how she scream'd! O how she
 scream'd!
 She scream'd, then grasp'd the dear delight!

Now lustful nature eager grew,
 And longer could not wanton toy,
 So rushing up the path of joy,
 Quick from the fount love's liquor flew!—
 At morn, she cried, "full three times three,
 "The vivid stream I've felt from thee!"
 "O how I'm eas'd! O how I'm pleas'd! gods how I'm
 charm'd!"
 "I'm charm'd, with rapt'rous three times three!"

THE commissioners of the Custom-house near Colchester,
 Ropped a trunk, suspected to contain contraband goods.
 E 2 Their

Their suspicions encreased, when the person to whom it belonged, drew his sword and threatened to kill the first who should attempt to open it, declaring at the same time, that it contained the corpse of his wife. The stranger being at length disarmed, they opened the coffer, and really found it to contain the corpse of a woman. The whole was deposited in a church, and as the circumstances authorised a suspicion of murder, they took the pretended husband into custody, till he should give a satisfactory account of himself. He dissolved into tears; and, affecting to speak only French, declared that he was a Florentine nobleman; that, having about four years past made a voyage into England, he became desperately in love with his wife, of whom they beheld the remains; that he had married and carried her into his country, from whence he had conducted her to most of the European courts to which he had travelled; that, being seized during these travels with a fatal malady, a few moments before her death she had asked for paper, pen and ink, and had wrote these words: "*I am the wife of the Reverend Mr. G——, rector of T—— in Essex; my maiden name is Caumont; and my last desire is, to be buried in the church of T——.*" He added, that it was in consequence of this request that he carried, in a shell, the precious relics of a wife he had adored. Upon further enquiry, this declaration was found to be true, excepting only, that this pretended Florentine nobleman was, the Lord Delmany, eldest son of Lord Roseberry of Scotland. He had really married the deceased, and had been ignorant that she was the wife of another. What is the more singular, the rector of T—— was still living; and, when he was informed a second husband had brought the corpse of his wife, he gave himself up to the most violent transports of choler: he said, that he consented to render to that unfaithful woman the last debt, due to those whose faults death had expiated; but, for the husband, he was determined, if he ever saw him, it should be to poignard him.

Lord Delmany, on the other side, protested that he would never lose sight of the body of his wife, till he had himself

himself deposited it in the tomb she had chosen; and if the Rector performed his menaces, he would render him an essential service, since he could form no other wish than to rejoin his beloved wife.

The Rector at length, understanding that the Lord was not culpable, consented to see him; they intermingled their tears, put on deep mourning, and united to pay the last duties to her whole exit afflicted them both, but in a different manner.

Anno 1752.

THE WARMING PAN.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

THE coach arriv'd; impatient all
For diff'rent things begin to call!
But I, who have no trade
But love, for sweeter morsels try;
I search, and fix an am'rous eye
Upon the Chambermaid.

I wait, and catch her as she flies
From room to room, with eager eyes:
"My dear, permit my aid!"
I seize her, and she cries—a done;
I kiss her quick, and let her run;
The pretty Chambermaid.

The supper comes, and Betty Grove,
'Tis Hebe waiting upon Jove;
The reck'ning next is paid;
Yawning the passengers retire,
I, burning like the kitchen fire,
For Betty Chambermaid.

Kneeling

Kneeling, my bed the beauty warms,
When furious I attack her charms:

“Get out, you naughty man!”
The port is gain’d by quick surprise,
I kiss, she kicks, and faintly cries,
“O! move the warming-pan!”

There—there, again—the bed—it burns,
I move—she moves—we move by turns,

“What are you at, dear man?”
Hush! there’s a noise—the bed—the joy,
Hark! hark! how sweet my amorous boy,
Hold there—the warming-pan.

Whene’er I pass the high North-road,
I knock at Betty’s soft abode,
Where happy I am laid:
The neatest inn, the softest thatch,
And tell me, where a place can match
My pretty chambermaid.

SEUR de Boisy took it into his head to marry when he was sixty years old. He was precisely in that case, when we want a companion capable to comfort our old age by her cares, her attention, and her friendship. But, if we fancy we are to look for such a companion in a young girl, who is precisely at that age when desires begin to grow, when the blood boils, it is a great error, of which we seldom miss finding ourselves the dupe. This is a principle which Boisy soon experienced the truth of.

He married Johanna Vallier, who was seventeen years old. The company of a husband of three score was not calculated, to be sure, for pleasing a woman of her age. A grey-headed man may, undoubtedly, inspire sometimes esteem; but love, that lively and all-fiery passion, cannot easily conjoin with the ice of accumulated years. Some months

months after her marriage, Mrs. de Boisy asked and obtained leave of her husband to go and spend some time in Paris. We may suppose easily, that her husband, who had experience enough, warned her by his prudent admonitions against the dangers of misconduct;—that he painted her with strong and lively colours the disgrace a woman covered herself with when she committed adultery; and we may also readily believe, that she promised any thing he could wish. The good Lafontaine would not have trusted to such promises, in which no one could blame him.

After having lived seven months in Paris, Mrs. de Boisy came back to her husband five months gone with child. Love might have overlooked such an error in reckoning; but jealousy, and that especially of an hoary head, is always a good arithmetician. Boisy, therefore, had no need of a great effort of genius, to find he was not the father of the child his wife bore in her breast: but he was certainly very wrong to take so much exception at it; and still more so to inform the public of it. On the affidavit he made before a justice, a bench warrant was issued against his wife. In the interrogatory she underwent before one of the judges, she was ingenuous enough to confess her adultery, and even to name the man who was the father of the child. By convention between her and her husband, she consented to be locked up, upon a pension being paid her. After her laying-in was over, she took in chancery letters of rescision; but her husband died before he could see the end of the law suit. His nephew, in whose behalf he had disposed by will of all his fortune, attempted to deny the legitimacy of the child; but, conformably to the conclusion of advocate general, Mr. Talon, the child was declared by parliament lawfully begotten.

Anno 1661.

SINORIX, Tetrarch of Gallatia, captivated with the beauty of Camma, his father's wife, tried various means to seduce

seduce her. Finding his attempts fruitless, and willing, nevertheless, to gratify his passion at what price soever it was, he put an end to the life of Senatus. The virtuous Camma conjecturing who aimed the blow, retired to the Temple of Diana, there to weep the death of her husband. Ardently importuned by Sinorix, she opposed a long resistance to his desires, the greater as she knew the place of her retreat was sacred; but rightly judging, that as Sinorix had destroyed her husband, he would, in the end, not fear to violate her asylum, she feigned a compliance with his desires, and fixed a day for their nuptials.

Being arrived at the temple where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, she presented Sinorix with the nuptial cup, in which she had put a subtle poison. The prince believing he approached the moment of his happiness, drank half; Camma took the rest, declaring aloud, that she should die content, since she had avenged the death of Senatus.

M A R I A.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—Ianthé the lovely, the joy of the plain.

ONE day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight! I remember it yet:
As the meadow we cross'd, to avoid the town's crowd,
The sun seem'd eclips'd by a black spreading cloud;
Escaping the shower, to the barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain over head.

Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath;
Then, sighing, she cry'd, "Lord! I'm frighten'd to death;

" Suppose,

- “ Suppose, nay, now, by any one I should be seen ?
 “ Nay, nay, now—nay, pray now—dear—what do you
 “ mean ?
 “ Had I thought you wou’d be half so rude—fye ! for
 “ shame !
 “ I wish I’d been wet to the skin ere I came.
 “ You will have a kiss, then !—why, take one or two !
 “ I beg you won’t tease me !—Lord ! what wou’d you do ?
 “ You’ll tear all one’s things—I ne’er saw such a man !
 “ I will hold your hands tho’ !—Aye, do if you can :
 “ Is this your love for me ?—Is this all your care ?
 “ I’ll never come near you again—now, I swear !”

As she push’d me away, love explain’d by her eyes,
 Resistance was only to heighten the prize ;
 Her face chang’d alternate, from scarlet to snow,
 Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low ;
 Such beauty ! but more of that scene was not shewn—
 For decency here bid the curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
 When instant rose up the yet love-looking fair,
 Crying, hark ! there’s one listens—do look out, my dear,
 I must be bewitch’d, I am sure, to come here :
 My things how they are rump’d !—Lord ! let me be gone ;
 What have you been doing ? and what have I done ?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
 I innocent enter’d—but am I so now ?
 I’m ruin’d—I never myself can forgive—
 I’ll leap in the brook—for I’m sure I can’t live !—
 If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
 Unless here to-morrow you’ll give me relief.

BOEMOND.—“ A passion so much the more danger-
 “ ous, as it creeps in the heart under the shelter, and by
 “ the

“ the insinuations of beauty and graces, was very near
 “ exciting a civil war in the principality of Antioche.”

BOEMOND III. who possessed that principality by his mother's side, whose name was Constantia, had married for the first time a lady of the Iblin's family ; and, after her demise, he took for his second wife a Grecian Princess, named Theodora. In spite of the graces and beauty of this last, love came and disturbed the sweets of that union. A concubine, for whom Boemond was seized with the most violent passion, was the occasion of his forsaking his most amiable and virtuous wife. The patriarch of Antioche, having vainly exhausted prayers and remonstrances, excommunicated at last the prince, and threw a general interdiction on all his estates. Boemond, animated by his passion, had a seizure made of the patriarch's temporals, expelled him from Antioche, and carried things so far, as even to besiege him in his castle, where he had retired with the chiefs of the clergy. In an instant, there was a general insurrection throughout the whole principality. Some for the love of the prelate, others through their hatred for the prince, others incited by the desire of avenging their own private injuries, all took to arms. As the infidels might have taken advantage of these dissensions, Beaudouin, the king of Jerusalem, repaired to Antioche. Several conferences were held on the occasion, the result of which were, that the patriarch should be reinstated, and the interdiction taken away ; but that Boemond should remain excommunicated, if he did not quit his concubine. He was far from being ready to comply ; as the contradictions he had experienced, had only increased and irritated his passion. To avenge himself of the noblemen who had any share in the treaty, he exiled a great many under various pretences. And such were the commotions and disturbances excited by love in Antioche, at a time when their mind should have been wholly taken up with the means of preserving themselves against the arms of the infidels.

Anno 1172.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E,

FROM L—Y W—Y, TO A FEMALE FRIEND,
SINGLE—DESCRIPTIVE OF THE NUPTIAL JOYS.

LUCY, to you this simple verse I send,
My old companion, and my constant friend;
When school-day chat employ'd our youthful hours,
And fancy strew'd the path of life with flow'rs,
Oft have we sat beneath the verdant shade,
And talk'd of love while we our samplers made:
Love in idea, for the real sweet
Our infant bosoms were too young to meet;
Yet, as time circled round his varied course,
Our growing years discover'd soon its source;
That men to females gave the genial joy,
And women them that sweet which ne'er can cloy:
From wanton boys at first the cause we guess'd,
Whose naked parts, when bathing, were confess'd;
How, when we pass'd the pool where those were seen,
The fan has been before our eyes a screen;
While virgin-blushes crimson'd o'er the cheek,
Our bosoms heav'd for what we dar'd not speak;
We look'd aside sometimes, and stole a peep
Of that which oft return'd in pleasing sleep;
When sportive Morpheus brought unto our arms
The youthful boy, in all his glowing charms!
How have we toss'd and tumbled in the bed,
Flung round our arms, nay, every limb was spread;
'Till sportive nature, in her wanton schemes,
Wak'd us with joys—which prov'd, alas! but dreams.
Advancing still to womanhood apace,
How have we long'd to run love's pleasing race;
Yer check'd by fear, and dread of future shame,
Have us'd vile means our heated blood to tame;
With lewd contrivances, all senseless, dull,
You know, my Lucy, oft we've play'd the fool;

And try'd to gain (oh! most deceiving plan)
That bliss of blisses only found in man.

Virgins, you know, by custom 'tis decreed,
Must ne'er the bounds of modesty exceed;
Must shut their eyes and ears at nature's call,
And cold-form'd prudence still must govern all;
Nor dare indulge the sweetly-pleasing flame,
For loss of chastity is loss of fame!
That vapour, which with men improves the bliss,
(For more they're valued, as the more they kiss);
No dread of swelling wombs from am'rous play;
No check from prudence, or from parents, they;
But, uncontrol'd, may ramble all abroad,
Each bush and thicket beat to catch love's bird;
Ransack the nest, and wild as fancy roam,
Nor chiding fear, at their returning home.

Thanks to my stars, the day of trial's past,
And I have gain'd love's haven at the last;
Secure in Hymen's temple I am bound,
And all the joys of sweet fruition found;
Which no false delicacy shall with-hold,
But shall with glowing heart to you be told;
You, who still labour in a barren field,
Which no delight, and no increase can yield;
You, who a maiden's name are forc'd to bear,
And, with that seeming-honour, every care;
For care is with virginity combin'd,
And both alike, you know, disturb the mind.

But not to keep you in suspense, my dear,
I'll now describe what must delight your ear;
Tell all the rapture, all the joy that's mine;
(Oh, may an equal share be quickly thine!)
From dull restraint that soon you may be freed,
And taste the real joys of love indeed.

My mother always wish'd to see me wed,
And a good husband fill'd my Father's head;
I with their wish still modestly complied,
Yet long'd devoutly 'till I was a bride.

A youthful

A youthful Captain from Hibernia's shore,
 With every charm to please, at last came o'er;
 Well recommended, of our table free,
 Of all our guests—the Captain who but he;
 Gay was his air, and sweetly he could woo;
 He won my heart—I think my mother's too.

An honourable lover once profess;
 To me my father kindly left the rest,
 Not doubting but the lessons I'd imbib'd,
 (Which are to ev'ry girl alike describ'd)
 Would make my virtue hold his courtship out,
 Nor yield before the time should come about;
 When I, as law directs, my charms might yield,
 And let the Captain conquer in love's field.

To win my heart I found was his intent,
 For every night to balls and routs we went;
 The play, the opera, or the masquerade,
 In ev'ry place where pleasure was display'd,
 I and the Captain constantly were found,
 True votaries in fashion's charming round;
 At dear Vauxhall how oft we've pass'd the night,
 And mix'd with mirth and music sweet delight;
 Oft in the darkest grove have kiss'd and toy'd,
 And felt of things true lovers can't avoid;
 Ev'n prudence then had like to've lost her sway,
 And wanton Cupid gain'd o'er her—the day;
 But Fate preserv'd me for the happy hour,
 To give me decently into his pow'r:
 And the sweet rose-bud of my maidenhead,
 Be lost in form upon the marriage-bed.

For this what preparations were display'd,
 Flounces and furbelows of rich brocade;
 But afterwards the captain let me know,
 What he lik'd best was still the *furbelow*.

At length bright Phœbus usher'd in the morn;
 By much the sweetest sure since I was born;
 The bridal maids attended all in white,
 It was, indeed, a most enchanting sight;

The bridemen too, most gaily did appear,
 But none so charming as my only dear;
 Tall and erect, he handed me along,
 The grace, and envy, of the gazing throng!
 What wishes did engage the lasses then,
 What were their thoughts, dear Lucy, of the men?
 From roving eyes and downcast looks, no doubt,
 Your active fancy quickly will make out.

For me, I walk'd so modest and demure,
 Some took me for an angel to be sure;
 But could they trace the movements of my mind,
 A very mortal they would surely find.

Before the priest and altar now I stand,
 And, as the law directs, join hand in hand;
 Sweet junction! which I rightly did divine,
 In a few hours some other things would join,
 The ceremony now was quickly read
 (Indeed I scarce remember what was said);
Honour I heard, and something like *obey*,
 Which I may know, perhaps, another day;
 To *love*, and *cherish*, that was utter'd plain,
 With all his strength, with all his might and main:
 O! "love and cherish!" charming words are these,
 To love and cherish every one must please;
 And my dear Captain is so very kind,
 He cherishes, and loves, just to my mind!

The wedding-dinner and the supper past,
 The chiefest pleasure, Lucy, comes at last;
 Disrob'd of all my finery of dress,
 In virgin-smock the snowy sheets I press;
 Snowy at present—soon another shew
 Their white shall stain, and leave a crimson hue?
 The maids withdrawn, and far remov'd the light,
 The captain enters, well prepar'd for fight;
 The amorous fight, which shall in blood commence,
 Awhile to wound, yet soon enchant each sense.

Ye virgin Muses on Parnassus'-hill,
 There, with your chastity, continue still;

No aid I ask from you—but, Venus, thee
 I ask to lend assistance unto me,
 While I describe the fierce encounter, where
 I lost my maidenhead, and Virgin-fear!
 Thou who warm wishes to young bosoms send,
 The youth's best guide, and tender miss's friend;
 Goddess of joy, and never-tiring sport!
 Thy aid, bright Venus! only now I court!
 Give thy assistance, bid the picture glow
 With all the charms thy colouring can bestow.

Trembling, and panting, for the wish'd embrace,
 The fiery lover soon assumes his place;
 The fount of love awhile he seeks in vain,
 I grasp my shift his fury to restrain;
 His fury from restraint more ardent grows,
 And from the bed the coverlid he throws;
 With one rude rent my lily shift he tore,
 And open laid what cover'd was before;
 Then, with his finger first, he gropes about
 To find the centre of all raptures out;
 That once obtain'd, he plunges dreadful in
 A thing, to name, would be a mortal sin;
 At first, indeed, it some resistance found,
 But soon was with a noble conquest crown'd;
 I smarted much, but straight a flood of joy
 Did every fear and every harm destroy.

Such home-felt thrusts, with vigour so pursu'd,
 With an enchanting frenzy seiz'd my blood;
 A clammy dew o'er every limb was spread,
 With murmur'ing sighs I turn'd aside my head;
 Yet to his ardent wishes did bestow,
 From nature's fountain, a capacious flow.

Believe me, Lucy, such the joys I shar'd,
 None else, on earth, are possibly compar'd;
 No wonder love in every age has been
 The idol! chief ador'd in every scene;
 Whether with shepherds on the rural plain,
 Or in the courts where kings and princes reign;

To all it does the sweetest joys dispense,
The only certain good of Providence!

The charming youth from sport could not refrain;
But soon he mounts the throne of joys again!

Again begins to run another course,
With equal charms, and with as equal force;

Plunges all manly his subduing dart,
Sinks me with joys that overflow my heart;

Till kind emission bids him rest once more,
And softer dalliance shall his strength restore.

Lock'd in each other's arms, awhile we lay
And kiss, and chat about the amorous play:

O'er every part his ready fingers rove,
Now press my rising breasts, and then the fount of love;

Till strong emotions bid those joys renew,
(Which soon, dear Lucy, must be known to you)

For sure a girl with such a glowing heart,
Must in love's sports ere long perform a part.

"All night the dauntless hero kept his way,"
Nor did we slumber till the dawn of day;

Then, in sweet dreams, we melted into bliss,
And gave, in sleep, to each the humid kiss,

But, lo! m' officious mother opes the door,
And wakes to breakfast at th' accusom'd hour;

My husband rises, but recumbent I,
(For rest was needful)—something longer lie.

At length the maids repair to see me dress,
From their fly looks their wanton thoughts I guess'd!

What buzzing hosts of visitors appear,
With "How do y' do? I wish you joy, my dear!"

I wish'd their tongues would other themes employ,
For faith I could not tell them half my joy;

The Captain kindly comes to my relief,
My only wish, of all my joys the chief!

From those impertinents who'd bliss delay,
We tip the wink, and flyly steal away;

To a snug room we haste, make fast the door,
And play the game so lately play'd before;

There, on a couch, he feasts his roving eyes,
And views each secret charm with great surprize;
Kisses that spot from whence his pleasure flows!
And then a benediction large bestows.

The elastic tube, which gave me so much joy,
Does now the wonder of my eyes employ;
Its ruby crest, bright rising to the sight,
Gave, to behold, most exquisite delight;
I strok'd the marble pillar with my hand,
And, as it grew, I found my bliss expand!
Till once again we tried the charming sport,
And the sweet Captain storm'd again love's fort.

Thus, every day, and every coming night,
For one whole month we pass'd in sweet delight!
To tell the times! as ealy might we trace
The varied tribes that varied Floria grace;
Not all the sweets of her lovely flow'rs
Were nothing near so sweet as what was ours,
And yet remain;—for tho' fond nature cools,
Yet tender sentiments each bosom rules;
The wish to please in every gentle art,
And in domestic business take a part;
To sooth each anxious care, if care intrude,
True to each other, as no doubt we should:
To join sometimes in folly's happy ring,
(For half life's pleasures do from folly spring)
Claims our attention, and relieves the day
With something whimsical or something gay;
As fancy prompts, and love and joy inspires,
The fountain still of both of our desires!

A thousand pranks, a thousand times we've try'd;
All happy, since that I became a bride;
A thousand more I hope again to try;
If he proposes, I shall sure comply;
For ne'er in frolic will I be outdone,
But meet him kindly for a bit of fun!
Love, joy, and pleasure, is my heart's desire,
And while life lasts I think I ne'er can tire.

Fortune has scatter'd treasure in my way,
 And health her roses, why not then be gay ?
 Let the dull wretches dream o'er heaps of wealth ;
 And, in the search of more, still waste their health ;
 To bounteous nature I my song will tune,
 And make my whole life-long a Honey-Moon !
 Roam o'er the vast delights which charm the soul,
 Wild as the bee, and free from all controul !
 The ills of life my reason bids me shun,
 And 'tis to share the sweets that thus I run ;
 And, let the prudent wives say all they can,
 A woman's chiefest bliss must flow from man !

Ye dear enchanters of the female heart,
 Still, still proceed, to act a manly part !
 The British Fair, to manly hearts inclin'd,
 Give all they have to such real worth, we find ;
 'Tis nature prompts, what harm can be in this,
 To give and take from each the balmy bliss !
 When age comes on, and passion is no more,
 Perforce we must the pleasing sport give o'er ;
 But those who won't enjoy it, while they can,
 Deceive themselves, and run from nature's plan.

Thus, my dear Lucy, have I told the truth,
 Of all my pleasures since my wedded youth ;
 To you, who are to love's soft sport inclin'd,
 No doubt a kind acceptance they will find.
 Adieu ! my dear, may love its influence shed,
 And Hymen lead you to the nuptial bed !
 There scatter blooming roses, sweet, and soon ;
 That you, like me, may taste an Honey-Moon.

POPE John X. was solely indebted to love for his elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate: Theodora and Marosia, his daughters, both celebrated on account of their beauty and licentiousness, were absolute mistresses at Rome. Theodora having seen John, who was then only Deacon
 at

at Ravenna, and very young, became enamoured of him; she caused him to be raised to the dignity of Bishop of Ravenna, and after the death of the reigning Pope, nominated her lover to this first dignity of the church, which requires the most consummate experience, and the purest morals. Upon the death of Theodora, Marosia, wife of Grey, Duke of Tuscany, having caused her husband, whom she hated, to be assassinated, had Pope John arrested and strangled in prison. "Thus," says an historian, "as John had been raised to the Papal throne by one prostitute, he was dethroned by another."

Anno 929.

DE BUCIL, natural son of the Count de Sancerre, was passionately in love with Rene de Rohan, widow of the Lord de Rohan Gie; but he had in all respects a formidable rival in the person of young Rene de Laval. Fearing this rival would, by his reputation and birth, prevail over him, Da Bucil published every where, that Madam Gie had promised to marry him; the phrensy of his passion, or rather of his jealousy, rendered him still more imprudent, for he dared to advance some things against the honour of his mistress. Young de Laval was a Frenchman, and in love; he thought he ought to wash away the injury done to Madam Gie in the blood of his rival: accordingly he proposed a duel to De Bucil, and killed him at Orleans. This adventure encreased the dissention of the princes of the House of Lorraine, friends of the Count de Sancerre, with the Montmorency friends and relations of Rene de Laval; and it is known how fatal the consequences of these enmities were to France, under the reign of Charles IX.

Anno 1560.

JOHN de Beanmavir, Marquis de Lavardin, who died
 Marshal

Marshal of France in 1614, was greatly enamoured of Jane de Evesme, Lady of Lacey, in the country of Du Maine, widow of Louis de Moutafie, and very rich; a young widow, handsome and wealthy, is always ardently sought after. M. Lavardin had several rivals, and among others M. de Randan, the young son of Charles de la Rochefoucault, who appeared to have the preference. For a Chevalier of France, there is but two parts to take, the one to renounce his mistress, the other to destroy his rival, by means of honour or prejudice. M. de Lavardin embraced the latter part, but in a manner that dishonoured him; he killed M. de Randan, at Lacey, in cold blood, before his mistress, and retired into Gascony to the king of Navarre.

This crime went unpunished, from the troubles which then reigned; but M. de Lavardin did not draw from it the advantage he expected; Madam de Lacey refused to marry him, and gave her hand to Francis of Bourbon, Prince of Conti.

Anno 1578.

JESID II. Caliph of the Saracens, who succeeded his cousin Omar, towards the year 721, passionately loved one of his slaves named Ababa. Being at play with her one day, he threw something into her mouth which strangled her. The Caliph abandoning himself to the deepest despair, ceased not to utter the name of his dear Ababa; he caused her corpse to be transported into his apartment; and notwithstanding the infectious smell, and the horror of such a spectacle, consented only, upon the remonstrances and prayers of his brother, to have it interred. His grief, instead of diminishing, became more violent; constantly engaged with the idea of an object he had so tenderly cherished, he had the corpse of Ababa dug up, and

and was so struck to behold in that horrid state a face formerly so charming, that he went out of his mind, and died a few days after.

VITIGES had been elected King of the Goths, in Italy, in room of Theodat, whom he had massacred; he was not able himself to resist Belisarius, and was conducted to Constantinople by that famous General. The Goths, who had not yet resolved upon renouncing their liberty, to preserve it, offered their crown to Uraias, nephew of Vitiges, and upon his refusal gave it to Ildibad, who accepted it. The wife of Uraias, illustrious by her birth and beauty, accompanied usually with a magnificent suite, and superbly habited, one day shewed a public contempt of the wife of Ildibad, who entered the bath dressed with great simplicity. It is known the impression vanity almost always makes upon the mind of a woman; the wife of the King not being able to overlook the affront she had received, made the most bitter complaints to her husband, and influenced him so much by her tears and caresses, that she prevailed with him to destroy Uraias, under pretence that he held some intelligence with the enemy.

The injustice of this murder was quickly revenged. One of Ildibad's guards, named Vilas, was passionately in love with a certain young woman, and upon the point of marrying her, when the King, perhaps, without design, gave her to another, during the absence of Vilas. This officer, desperate on his return to find his mistress in the arms of a rival, resolved, in the blood of the Emperor, to wash away the affront he had received. He availed himself of a day, when the Prince gave a great feast, and killed him while he was putting his hand on his plate.

M. DE LESPINAI was an officer in the household of the
Duc

Duc de Orleans. Louisa-Roger le Morbelieu, a mistress of the Prince, obtained the exile of M. de Lespinai, who retired to the Hague; where love, which had already caused his disgrace, cost him his life. "He was assassinated in 1646, at the Hague, by Prince Philip IV. son of the Elector Palatine, Frederick V. crowned King of Bohemia, upon a report which was then circulated in Holland, that the queen, his mother, was connected with this gentleman. This is what Auberg du Maurier ambiguously alludes to, when he says that Philip withdrew to Venice for an action better concealed than told. It must be owned, that Lespinai deserved to reap what he had sown; being several times advised to withdraw from the Hague, which he would never do, nor even abstain from visiting the Queen of Bohemia; which temerity cost him his life."

AMONG the victims of love may be reckoned John Georges IV. Elector of Saxony. This Prince had a mistress of whom he was extravagantly fond: the name of her family was Neityseh, but she was ordinarily called the Countess of Rochlitz, of Luzace. This woman died of the small-box. The Prince loved her with such affection, that neither the horrors of death, which commonly makes so great an impression on the great, nor the disfigured visage of his mistress, could prevent his desire of seeing her in her coffin; he embraced her many times, and in giving these fatal proofs of his love, caught the infection, and died ten days after, at the age of twenty-six.

Anno 1694.

DON JUAN II. stiled the Great King of Portugal, in the beginning of his reign drew upon himself the hatred of the nobles of his kingdom, from his scrupulous observance of justice towards all, and in the little regard he paid to

to the privileges which the Lords had usurped. A conspiracy was discovered against him, at the head of which was the Duke of Braganza, brother-in-law to the King, and it was suppressed by the death of the Duke and his accomplices. This did not deter other malcontents; they became only the more spirited, and absolutely resolved to assassinate the King. Love came to the aid of this Prince, and preserved him.

One of the chief conspirators was Garcia Menezes, Archbishop of Evoro; this prelate, as little circumspect in his morals, as he was faithful to his King, kept the sister of one Digue Tenoro: like the generality of lovers, he had the weakness to discover his secret to his mistress; she communicated it to her brother, and he, disguised in the dress of a Cordelier, communicated the whole to Don Juan. This Prince sacrificed on the occasion still another person who should have been dear to him; he poignarded, with his own hand, the Duke de Viseu, brother of the Queen, at the age of twenty. The Archbishop died in prison; the other conspirators were punished with the last tortures, or obliged to leave the country.

KISS OF BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, sweet maid, in thy embrace,
 While I view thy smiling face,
 And the sweets with rapture sip,
 Flowing from thy honied lip;
 Then I taste, in heav'nly state,
 All that's happy, all that's great:
 But when you forsake my arms,
 And displeasure clouds your charms;
 Sudden I, who prov'd so late
 All that's happy, all that's great,
 Prove the tortures of a ghost,
 Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

G

A PERSIAN

A PERSIAN officer, discontented with his situation, went into the Indies, entered the service of Jehanguir, the great Mogul, and became General of his armies. He had now reason to be satisfied with his fortune, if an ambitious man could have bounded his desires. This Persian was so imprudent as to aid and favour a conspiracy formed against his master, at the head of which was Koufrow, the eldest son of the great Mogul. The Prince was so happy as to discover the conspiracy; the General was thrown into prison, waiting till he should undergo the punishment his guilt merited. His wife and daughter threw themselves at the foot of the throne to solicit his pardon, when Jehanguir was so charmed with the beauty of the daughter, that he granted her request, and made her his favourite. It appears that she had as much address as beauty; soon perceiving the ascendant she had gained over the King, she made use of it to satisfy her ambition in a very singular manner. She obtained permission of Jehanguir to exercise the Royal authority during twenty-four hours. Being previously prepared for this moment, and the masters of the mint being in her secret, she caused, during the short space of her reign, two millions of gold and silver rupees to be struck; every piece bore on one side the figure of one of the twelve signs of the zodiac; and on the other, the name of Jehanguir, with that of Nourmahal, the name of the Princess. We might easily bear with the weaknesses of Kings, if their favourites had no other ambition than that of Nourmahal.

Anno 1620.

DESIGN OF A KISS.

AH! can'st thou, cruel nymph! suppose,
 One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth;
 Enough rewards his tender woes;
 His long, long constancy, and truth?

Think

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
 By simple kissing;—for the kiss
 Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
 Of more substantial, future bliss:

Sweet kisses only were design'd,
 Our warmer raptures to improve;
 Kisses were meant soft vows to bind;
 Were silent pledges meant of love.

HENRY DE LORRAINE, Duke of Guise, surnamed *Le Balafre*, was one of those men whom nature rarely forms, and who has only to appear to be beloved. His ambition, and the violent remedy of Henry III. was obliged to employ against him, to retain the sovereignty, is well known. He, above all, retained the greatest empire over the women; and it is thought that many husbands found great consolation in his death. His success in this respect made him neglect his wife; but she, it is said, made herself amends: and the assassination of Saint Megrin confirmed the suspicions of many people on this head, who pretend that the Duke was the author of Saint Megrin's death, and assure us that the King of Navarre, upon hearing it, said, "I am obliged to the Duke of Guise, my cousin, for not suffering such a minion as Saint Megrin to dishonour him." Others are, however, of a different opinion—If the Duke of Guise experienced chagrin on account of his wife's conduct, Love made him amends upon several occasions, but especially in the success of his passion for Margaret of France, afterwards Queen of Navarre.

Henry of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, became enamoured of this Princess in an interview between the Courts of France and Spain, at Bayonne. During the tilts and tournaments, at which Margaret was present to crown the victors, the young Duke of Guise was several times at the

feet of the Princess, to receive the destined prize—and in those moments he *inspired* and *felt* the most ardent passion. In a ball which was afterwards given, the Duke, under the disguise of an astrologer, had the boldness to declare his passion to the Princess.

This dawn of happiness was soon overcast! The Queen Mother had perceived the new-born passion of the Duke for her daughter; and not willing that the Prince of Lorraine, already too puissant, should become more so, by the hope of so considerable an alliance, she insisted upon the Duke's absenting himself for some time. The Cardinal de Lorraine, chief of his house, made the Duke, in spite of himself, consent; and he departed for Hungaria, where there had been a war between the Duke and the Emperor; but before he set out, he had the address to give the Princess a letter, in which he painted his passion in lively colours, and acquainted her with the motives of his departure.

Winter having put an end to the war in Hungaria, the Duke of Guise returned to France. He caused a gentleman to precede him, named Chastelles, who was the cousin and lover of Mademoiselle de Thorigny, Maid of Honour and confidante to the Princess Margaret. It was not difficult to win over this lady to his interests; and she engaged the Princess to repair, under pretence of devotion, to the Abby de Poissy, and to promise to receive the Duke *incognito*. The Duke flew to the rendezvous upon the wings of love, and threw himself at the feet of his illustrious mistress. The particulars of what passed between the lovers in this interview, is not necessary to our subject: we shall content ourselves with saying, that the Prince promised to give her hand to the Duke.

Political interests soon after disunited the knot which love had formed. The Queen Mother, incensed against the Protestants, not having it in her power to destroy them by open force, had recourse to artifice and stratagem. She affected a great esteem for the Admiral, chief of the Huguenot party, and, still more to convince him of the sincerity

city of her reconciliation, cunningly proposed a marriage between the Princess Margaret and the King of Navarre.

When all the preliminaries were settled relative to this union, which was to cement the peace, she informed the Princess of it. She easily perceived that the project was displeasing to her daughter; but she exacted this sacrifice from her.

After this visit, the Princess wrote the following letter to her lover. "The Queen has been to inform me, that my marriage with the King of Navarre is resolved on. This unexpected stroke has thrown me into the utmost astonishment. I will not abandon myself to despair till you have told me whether the misfortune is inevitable. I was destined for you—can you then suffer them to ravish me from you?—Remember the reciprocal engagements we have entered into with each other!—The danger of losing you, makes me sensible more than ever how dear you are to me!—I am so much agitated, it would require more time than I can steal to describe my feelings; and yet I could wish you to know them.—Contrive with Thorigny, if I cannot speak with you alone; and, in the mean while, rest assured, that, if my person is devoted to the King, my heart shall only be with you."

This news reduced the Duke to despair: nor being able to influence the King by the Pope's Nuncio, who in vain set forth the danger of marrying the Princess in the present circumstances, with a heretic, he obtained of the Pope that famous bull, which excommunicated the Queen of Navarre, and declared all the heretic Princes incapable of succeeding to the crown. It is certain, that the ambition of the House of Lorrain was the principal cause of that faction, and of all that was done to annihilate the Royal House; but the passion of the Duke of Guise for the princess Margaret, a passion which at the same time satisfied his ambition, did not a little contribute towards making the Pope adopt those violent measures of which we have spoken.

THE END.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune.—The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride.

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
 Resolving to wed, to fair Arabel drove;
 He made his proposals, he begg'd she wou'd fix—
 What maid cou'd say No to a new coach-and-fix?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper
 done,
 The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown:
 The bride lay expecting to what this would tend,
 Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
 The bridegroom's lips stopp'd on love's pillows, her
 breasts:
 All amazement, impassive the heart-heaving fair,
 With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, don't stay too long
 there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist, circling his
 arms,
 He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms,
 Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
 But now, for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd;
 But still, unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side:
 She made feints, as if something she meant to defend,
 But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
 She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my joy;
 Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
 Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to some end.

And

And which end is that ? why the end which prevails,
 Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are steer'd by their tails :
 And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,
 I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
 The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
 The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
 Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

'Tis time tho' to finish, if aught I intend,
 Lest like a bad husband, I come to no end ;
 The ending I mean is, what none will think wrong,
 And that is, to make now an end of my song.

HENRY of Orleans, Duke of Longueville, father of the Duke of Longueville, had no reason to complain of the favours of love, but the issue of them was very fatal. It is well known that the fair Gabrielle d'Estrees was the most beautiful woman of her time : the Duke of Longueville, captivated by her charms, endeavoured to render himself agreeable, and succeeded. In the midst of his good fortune, he perceived that Henry IV. was his rival : not willing to hazard the favours of his King to preserve those of his mistress, he requested her to restore all his letters, promising, on his side, to do the same, and always to retain for her the most tender friendship. The fair Gabrielle suffered herself to be seduced by the promises of the Duke, and made a faithful restitution ; but her lover, not equally honourable, preserved the most passionate letters.

This breach of faith, which probably had no other motive than vanity, was the cause of his death. After experiencing every kind of chagrin on the part of the King, which his mistress aggravated, he travelled, and making his entry at Dourlens, was killed, by a discharge of artillery which was made in his honour by the troops, which had been

been put under arms. This blow is attributed to the vengeance of the fair Gabrielle.

This same Duke of Longueville was the cause of two deaths still more tragic than his own: he had been publicly spoken of as the lover of the Countess de Chaulnes, and the Marchioness d'Humieres, and had even sacrificed the latter to Mademoiselle d'Estrees.

The husbands of these two ladies cruelly revenged their honour; the one was strangled with her own hair by masked men, and the other, walking with her husband in a park, was pushed into a piece of water, where she was drowned.

A YOUNG Turkish nobleman conceived a violent passion for an Armenian woman of great beauty. Having not been able, either by his presents or his prayers, to prevail on her to be unfaithful to her husband, he threatened her to be the destruction of both her and her husband if she did not consent to his wishes. This woman seemed to be terrified at such a threatening; and, after having shed many tears, she gave a meeting to the Turk at her house, on a day her husband, she said, was not to be at home. The amorous Turk fled to the rendezvous at the time appointed, not forgetting, however, to take with him a pair of pistols and a cutlass for his safety. The Armenian shed many tears to engage him to desist his enterprise; but her tears, which made her appear still more handsome, irritated only so much the more the inflamed desires of the Turk. Impatient to satisfy them, he was at last on the point of getting the better of the woman, when the husband appeared. It was in vain the Turk attempted to defend himself, the Armenian, with the assistance of his wife, was more lucky, and both overcoming the Turk, the young lover met with death instead of the pleasure he expected to enjoy.

An Armenian priest was the only person who, through confession, was made privy to this adventure. As he was both

both of an avaricious and a perfidious disposition, he threatened his penitents to go and reveal their crimes, if they did not lend him such a sum he wanted. They complied; he renewed his demands, which they satisfied again: thus he went on till at last he had stripped them of all they had, and brought them to beggary, after which when he could no more get any thing of them, he compleated his infamy, by going to the father of the young Turk they had killed, and informing him of all the circumstances of the event. The father, who occupied a place of considerable note under the government, carried his complaints before the grand visier, against the murderers of his son, and declared to him, at the same time, he had not found out those who were guilty of that crime, otherwise but by the affidavit of the priest to whom they had gone to confess, according to the rites of their religion.

The visier was an upright man, and a man of sense, as will soon appear by the judgment he pronounced. After having first enquired from the Armenian archbishop whether a priest was allowed to reveal what was deposited in his bosom by way of confession, and what was the punishment which generally was inflicted on him who was convicted of such an action; next to that, having made himself sure also, by the very declaration of the Armenian priest, that he was the person who had informed the father of the young Turk of the whole transaction, after having been intrusted with it from the mouth of the young Armenian woman through the means of her confessing to him, according to the rites of the religion she professed. Lastly, having again learnt from the culprits the true motive which had induced them to kill the young Turk, and the various sums they had lent their confessor, to engage him not to reveal what they had entrusted him with, under the seal of confession. The visier condemned the priest to be burnt alive in the public place. As for the culprits they were discharged, but it is not known whether the money the priest had extorted from them was ordered to be returned or not.

THE Count de Gleichen, (a German by birth) was made prisoner in a battle fought against the Infidels, and carried into Turkey, where he underwent all the hardships of a long and severe captivity. His employment, among other servile occupations, was that of cultivating the earth. As he was one day thus employed, he was accosted, and much interrogated, by the daughter of the King his master, as she took the air. His good mein, and genteel address, wrought so powerfully upon the Princess, that she promised to break his chains, and at the same time to follow him to his own country, provided he would marry her. "But I have a wife and children," replied the Count. "That," answered the Princess, "will not be an impediment: it is the custom in Turkey to have several wives." Considering liberty as the most precious of all human possessions, the Count did not enter into any further ecclaircissement, but expressed his gratitude, and engaged his word to the Princess.

When a woman has engaged her mind upon any thing, it is said she is not long in finding the means to accomplish her desires. The Princess was a woman; and born in a country where the desires of that sex are the more violent, because there is less opportunity of gratifying them. She employed herself to such advantage, that the Count soon after found himself at liberty, and embarked with her.— They arrived without interruption at Venice, where the Count found one of his gentlemen, who informed him of all that had happened during his captivity. From this domestic he learnt that his wife and children were well; but before he allowed himself the pleasure of embracing them, he went to Rome; and after having ingenuously related the whole of his singular case to the Pope, the Pontiff gave him permission to keep his two wives.

If the court of Rome had shewn complaisance upon this occasion, the wife of the Count could not do less; she loaded the Turkish Princess, to whom she was indebted for the return of her beloved husband, with caresses and marks of friendship. The Princess was sensible of, and returned all these civilities; she had the mortification to be sterile,
but

but was not the less attached to the children of her rival.

"We find," says the author of the *Theatrical History*, "a monument at Erfort, upon which this relation is inscribed."

THE Duke of Ireland, first Minister and favourite of Richard King of England, by chance only obtained this desirable post. Fortune, by whom he had been so highly favoured, procured him a wife beyond all his expectations; this was Philippa de Coucy, daughter of M. de Coucy, the first nobleman of France, and of Isabella, daughter of King Edward, and in consequence niece to Richard. To this illustrious birth Philippa united an immense portion, and a virtue which rendered her the admiration of all England. Such was the situation of the Duke of Ireland, when love approached to overturn the brilliant edifice which blind fortune had raised. This favourite, forgetting what he owed to the merits of his illustrious wife, became enamoured of a German lady, Maid of Honour to the Queen of England; and his passion grew so violent, that to satisfy it he resolved to divorce his wife. The King had the weakness to approve the unworthy proceedings of his favourite, and they seized the pretext of consanguinity, to have the marriage annulled at Rome; after which the Duke espoused his mistress. His mother, the Countess of Aguefoot, detesting his conduct, absolutely resolved to entertain the divorced wife of her son; but the English Lords, who already hated the Duke, profited by this circumstance, to declare against him. They raised troops, and placed at their head the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the King's uncles. The Duke of Ireland, vanquished near Oxford by the rebels, had no other resource than in flight: Richard, a short time after, found himself obliged to abandon his ministers to the Parliament, who perpetually banished them, and confiscated their estates.

The

The Duke of Ireland retired into France, where he was at first well received, on the recommendation of Richard; and where he made a great figure with the riches he had preserved from the wreck of his fortune. Insensibly his wealth was dissipated; the house of Coucy proceeded against him, and gave him so much trouble, that he retired into Brabant, where he died a short time after, in obscurity and contempt.

Anno 1389.

M. FOUQUET, superintendant of the finances under Louis XIV. is distinguished by his profusion, his liberality, and his magnificence.

A short time previous to his disgrace, he gave a superb fete to the King, at his elegant house of Vaux, which had cost him eighteen millions of livres, at this day valued at about five and thirty thousand pounds.

Louis XIV. was provoked to see one of his subjects possess a seat superior in elegance to the palaces of Saint Germaine and Fontainebleau: he was before displeased with the Superintendant, through the intrigues of M. Colbert; so that Fouquet was arrested, very shortly after he gave this superb fete. It was with great difficulty his life was saved, and he was banished for the remainder of his days to the citadel of Pegneroles. Some maintain, that he died there; others, that he left it. This fact was never clearly developed, however it might be, the fall of this celebrated man, may, in a great measure, be attributed to love. A celebrated author says, that which augmented the resentment of the King was, that Mademoiselle de la Valliere, for whom the King then felt a lively passion, had been an object of one of the Superintendant's transient likings; and, to gratify these inclinations, he never left any thing untried. He had offered Mademoiselle de la Valliere two hundred thousand livres, and this offer had been rejected with indignation, before she had a design upon the heart of the King.

King. The Superintendant being apprized afterward what a powerful rival he had, resolved to be the confidant of her whom he could not possess, and this likewise was displeasing.

It may be added, that among M. Fouquet's pipers, which were seized after his imprisonment, there was found a memorial, containing a list of the greatest ladies of the court, who had sold him their favours: this considerably encreased the number of his enemies.

Anno 1661.

S O N G.

WOMAN! thoughtless giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Most fantastic work of nature,
Still like fancy on the wing.

Slave to every changing passion,
Loving, hating, in extreme;
Fond of every foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
Conquering weakness, wish'd-for pain;
Man's chief glory and confusion,
Of all vanities most vain!

Thus deriding beauty's pow'r,
Florio call'd it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneel'd and whinn'd at Delia's feet.

LOVE and woman may be regarded as the original foundation of the seat of Mahomet. This man, so celebrated from

H

the

the establishment, and the inconceivable progress of his laws, was born of poor parents; and, to complete his misfortune, lost them during his infancy. An uncle, who was his only resource, not being himself very rich, to make some provision for Mahomet, put him to a woman named Chadigha, who sold goods in Syria. The youth and talents of Mahomet, made an impression on this woman, and she married him. He endeavoured to hide from Chadigha, an infirmity sufficient to disgust the most enamoured; Mahomet was subject to the falling sickness; his courage and his hypocrisy furnished him not only with the means of extricating himself from this difficulty, but still further to found that reputation which superstition so greatly encreased. He informed Chadigha, as a great secret, that the Angel Gabriel made him frequent visits by the order of God, to instruct him in the true religion. We may suppose that the secret was ill kept; beside the observation, that it is very difficult for a woman to keep one, the self-love of Chadigha was too much flattered by the idea of being united to a man who had an intercourse with angels, not to impart it to her neighbours; she advised them, however, to be secret. Insensibly it was known to every one, and Mahomet was not long before he was considered as a prophet. Thus we may conceive that the love of Chadigha for her husband, did not a little contribute to inspire him with the idea of becoming the chief of a new sect.

But most assuredly it was love that caused him to insert in the Alcoran, the article which permits husbands to be connected with their servants. Mahomet had but two wives when he became enamoured of one of his slaves, named Maria, of singular beauty, and fifteen years of age. His wives having surprized him in the fact, reproached him with it publicly; he promised never to repeat his offence, but being tempted to break his word, to avoid the shame, he was obliged to make heaven speak. There appeared a new revelation, which may be found in the sixty-sixth chapter of the Alcoran; God there permits Mahomet, and all the Musselmén, to cohabit with their slaves in spite of their

WIVES.

wives. "O prophet," it is there said, "why, from the fear of displeasing thy wives, dost thou deprive thyself of those pleasures which God has granted thee." This pretty slave was an Egyptian by birth, and by education a Christian; it is said that the governor of Egypt had presented her to Mahomet. The commands of God were revealed only as the wants of the Prophet made them necessary. After having authorised concubinage, it was not long before he had recourse to the same means to justify adultery. Having become enamoured of Zainab, the wife of one of his freed men, named Gaib, he carried her off, and married her.

Some pretend, that the husband, not approving this measure, complained loudly; others assure us, that, won by considerable presents, he consented to divorce his wife; but it is agreed that this action was considered by the true believers, as a shameful one. Mahomet then made an addition to the thirty-third chapter of the Alcoran. God there positively declares that he has married Zainab to his Prophet. However, as this article might justly awaken the apprehensions of those husbands who had pretty wives, Mahomet, to balance this, published, that should he even in future become enamoured of married women, they should be sacred. In the mean while, Zainab, proud of the revelation relating to her, insulted the other wives of the Prophet; she pretended to the preference, as she had been, she said, married by the command of heaven, while the union of her rivals was only the work of men.

Mahomet, independent of his character as a Prophet, which caused him to be greatly respected, had, it is said, the art of making himself beloved by his wives, nevertheless he still feared the inconstancy of the sex; his jealousy was so great, "that he threatened his wives with a punishment infinitely more severe than that of other women, as well in this world as in the next, supposing they proved unfaithful to him." To prevent the men from conversing with his wives, "he caused those verses to appear, as on the part of God, in the Alcoran, where he announces, that

they should not enter the Prophet's house without permission, and that if they were invited to dine with him, they should depart immediately after the repast, without entering into conversation with his women; and in the same chapter he forbids his women to speak to any man unless their faces were covered with a veil.

In spite of all his talents, all his precautions, Mahomet could not preserve himself from the misfortune he had foreseen, and so greatly feared; and this from a quarter where he was the most sensible of it. His beloved Agefha, she, of all his wives, whom he loved the most tenderly, proved unfaithful; and although she was a woman of gallantry, constantly engaged in some intrigue, he could not resolve to put her away. He then composed the twenty-fourth chapter of the Alcoran, to prove his wife innocent, and to exculpate himself for having kept her. He there declared to his Musselmen, on the part of God, that all the reports which had been circulated to the disadvantage of Agefha, were no more than the blackest calumnies, and forbid them to be spoken of again, &c. Agefha mortally hated Ali, because he discovered her incontinence and disorders to Mahomet. A man who was so impolitic to vaunt of the favours of the beautiful Agefha, received, by order of heaven, fourscore lashes.

Anno 628.

T H E E N D.

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